



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



MICKEY FINN

# FEATURE

COMICS

SM  
★  
5



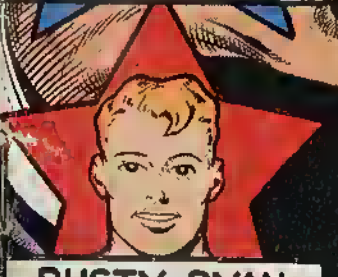
MAY No. 110



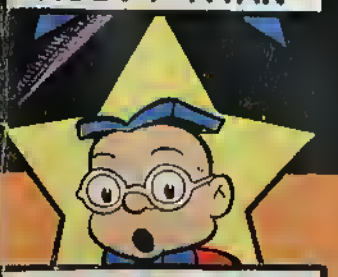
BLIMPY



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY

CAN THE  
**DOLL  
MAN**  
escape  
THE CLAWS  
OF  
**FAT  
CATT?**

STILL  
**60**  
PAGES  
FOR  
**10¢**





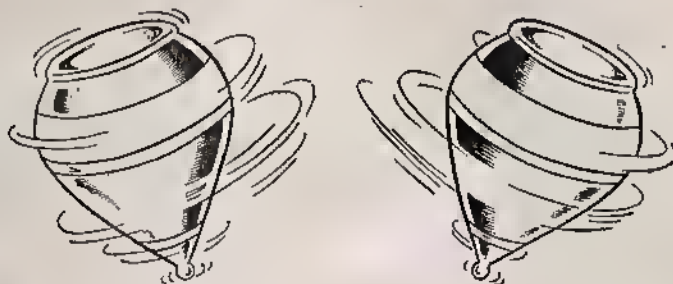
[illegible]



FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

# MODERN COMICS

THESE  
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR  
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH 60 PAGES  
OF

ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT  
COMICS  
NATIONAL  
COMICS

POLICE  
COMICS

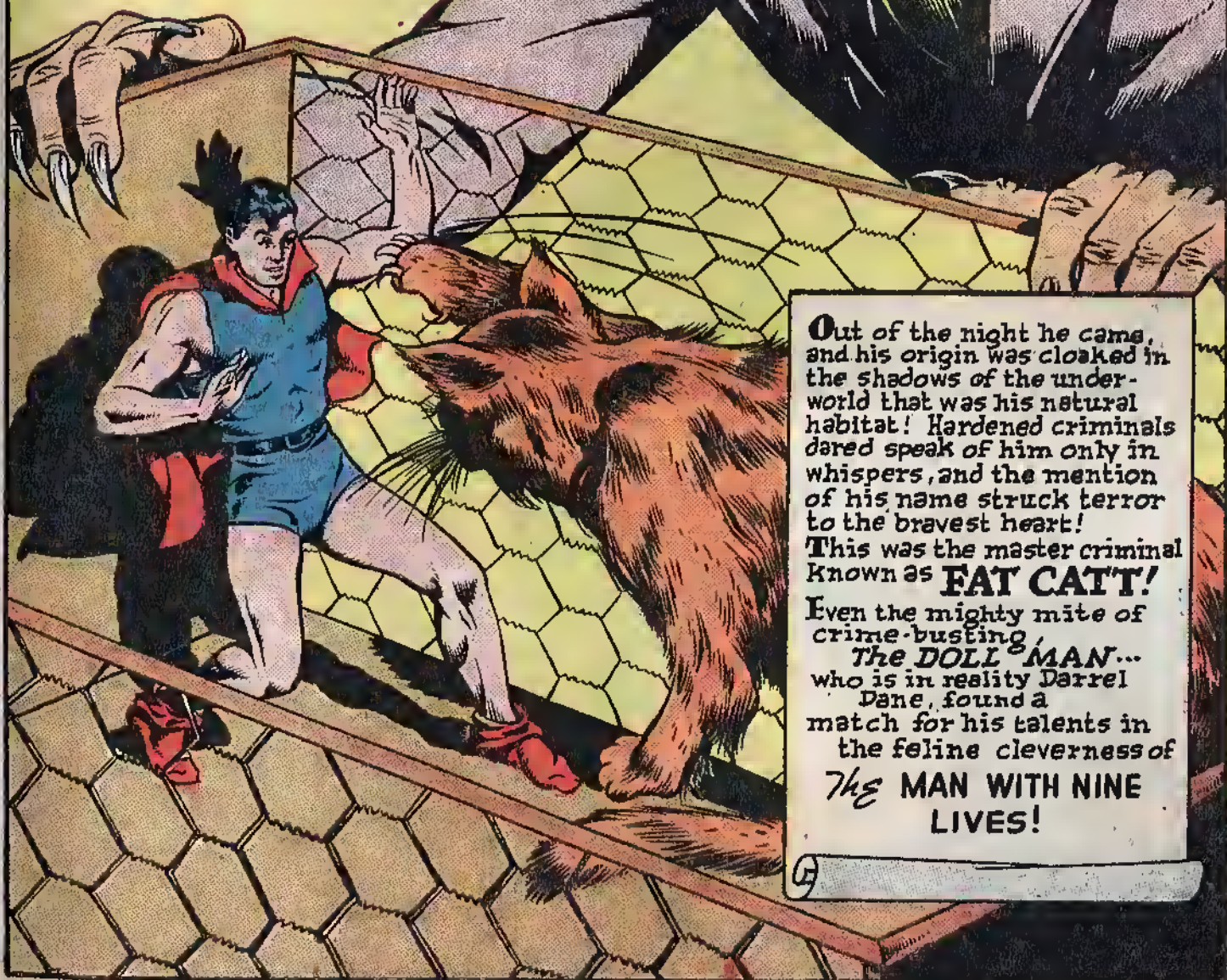
SMASH  
COMICS

FEATURE  
COMICS

CRACK  
COMICS



# THE DOLL MAN



Out of the night he came, and his origin was cloaked in the shadows of the underworld that was his natural habitat! Hardened criminals dared speak of him only in whispers, and the mention of his name struck terror to the bravest heart! This was the master criminal known as **FAT CATT!**

Even the mighty mite of crime-busting, **The DOLL MAN...** who is in reality Darrel Dane, found a match for his talents in the feline cleverness of **The MAN WITH NINE LIVES!**



# FEATURE COMICS



On a lonely street the grotesque shadow of a man appears...

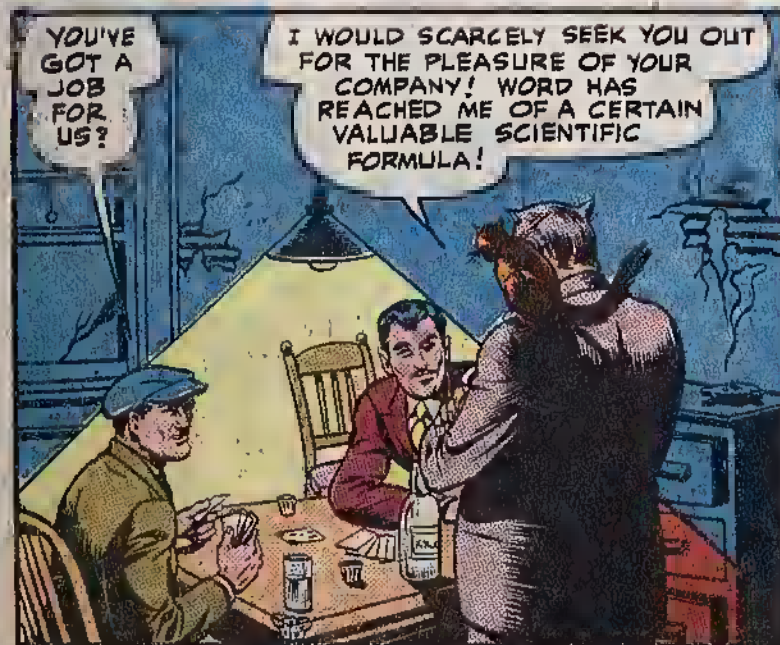


IT'S DA BOSS! I D-DIDN'T EVEN HEAR YOU COME IN!

WE WEREN'T EXPECTING YOU!

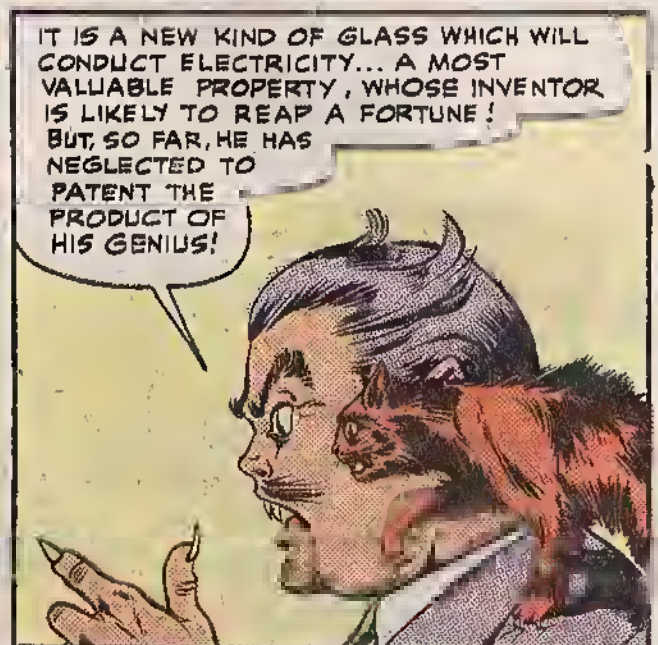


THAT'S WHEN I ALWAYS VISIT PEOPLE... WHEN THEY LEAST EXPECT ME! I KNOW THE HOUR IS LATE, BUT, THEN, MY HABITS ARE NOCTURNAL!

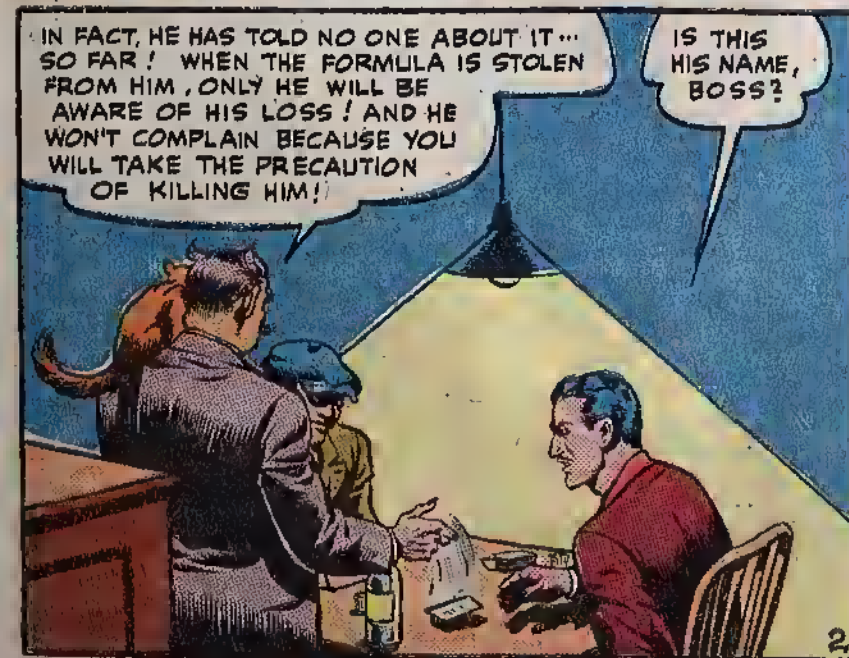


YOU'VE GOT A JOB FOR US?

I WOULD SCARCELY SEEK YOU OUT FOR THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY! WORD HAS REACHED ME OF A CERTAIN VALUABLE SCIENTIFIC FORMULA!

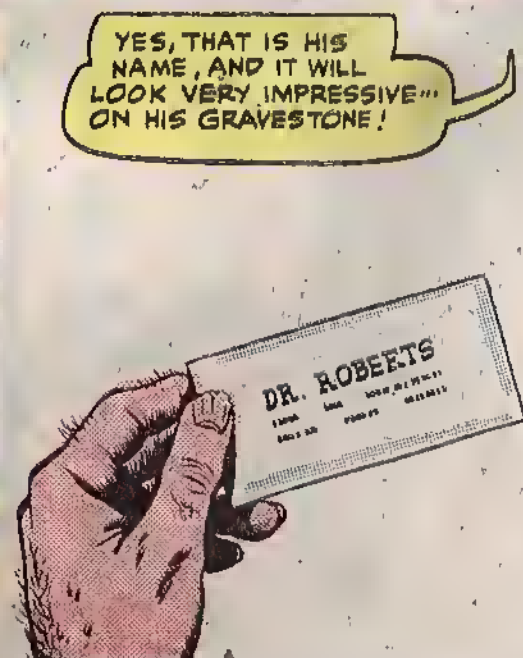


IT IS A NEW KIND OF GLASS WHICH WILL CONDUCT ELECTRICITY... A MOST VALUABLE PROPERTY, WHOSE INVENTOR IS LIKELY TO REAP A FORTUNE! BUT, SO FAR, HE HAS NEGLECTED TO PATENT THE PRODUCT OF HIS GENIUS!



IN FACT, HE HAS TOLD NO ONE ABOUT IT... SO FAR! WHEN THE FORMULA IS STOLEN FROM HIM, ONLY HE WILL BE AWARE OF HIS LOSS! AND HE WON'T COMPLAIN BECAUSE YOU WILL TAKE THE PRECAUTION OF KILLING HIM!

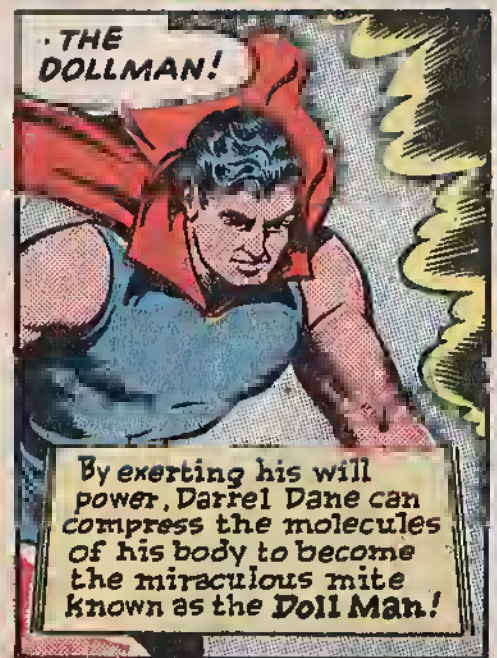
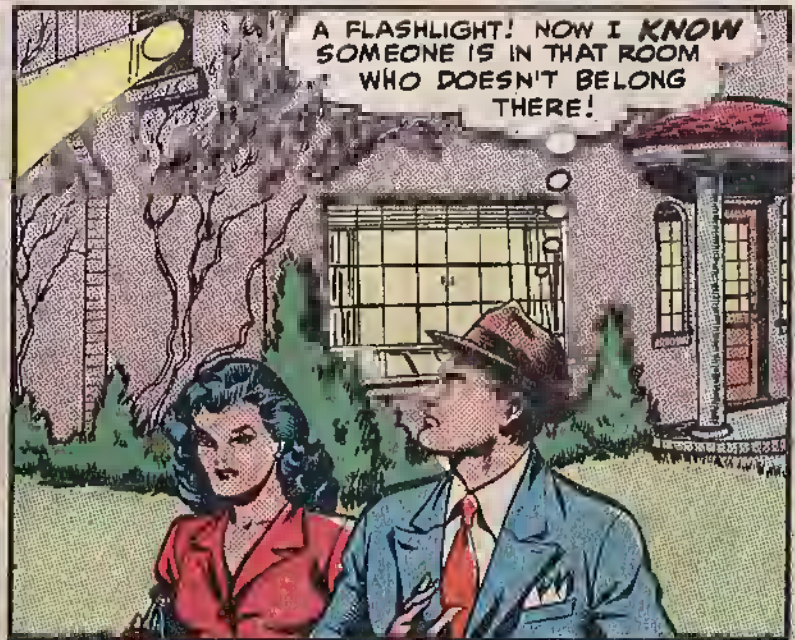
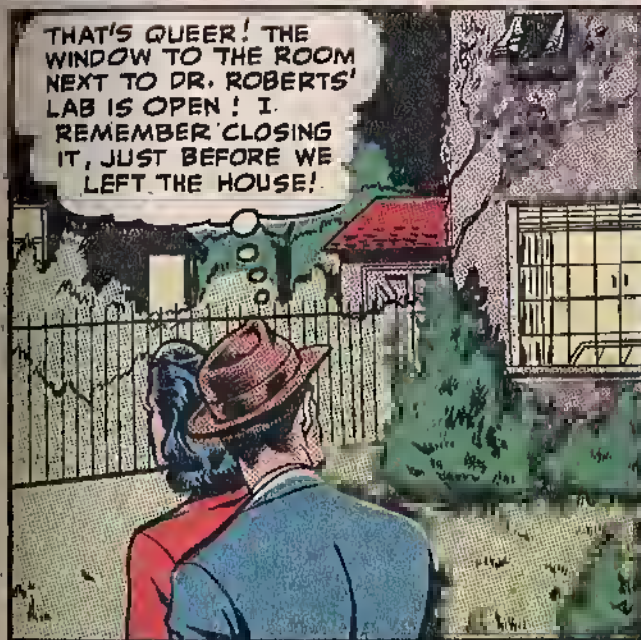
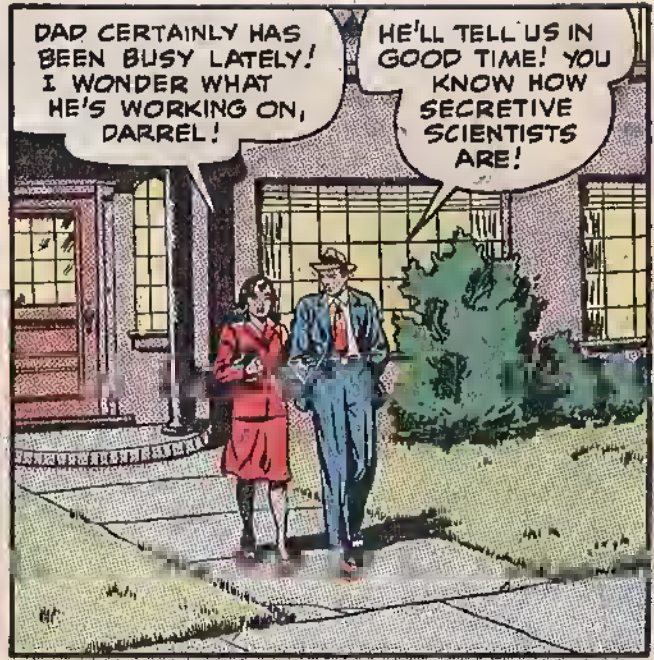
IS THIS HIS NAME, BOSS?



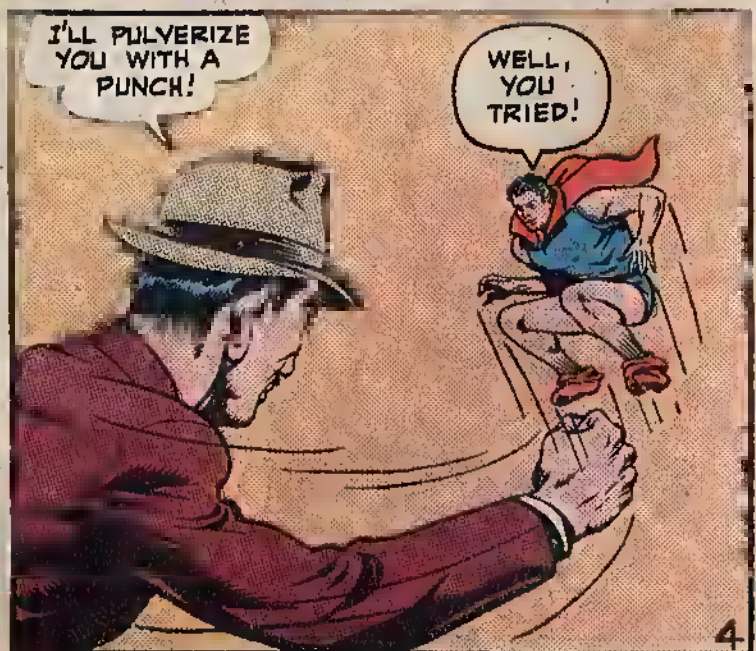
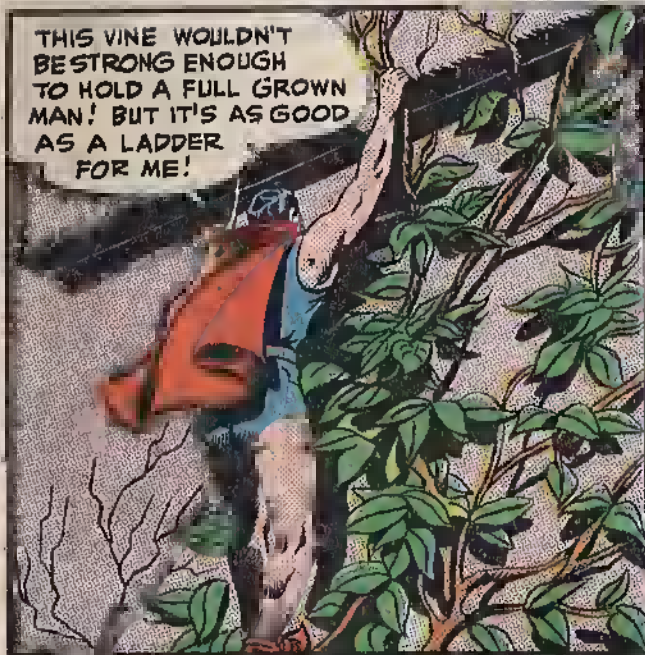
YES, THAT IS HIS NAME, AND IT WILL LOOK VERY IMPRESSIVE... ON HIS GRAVESTONE!



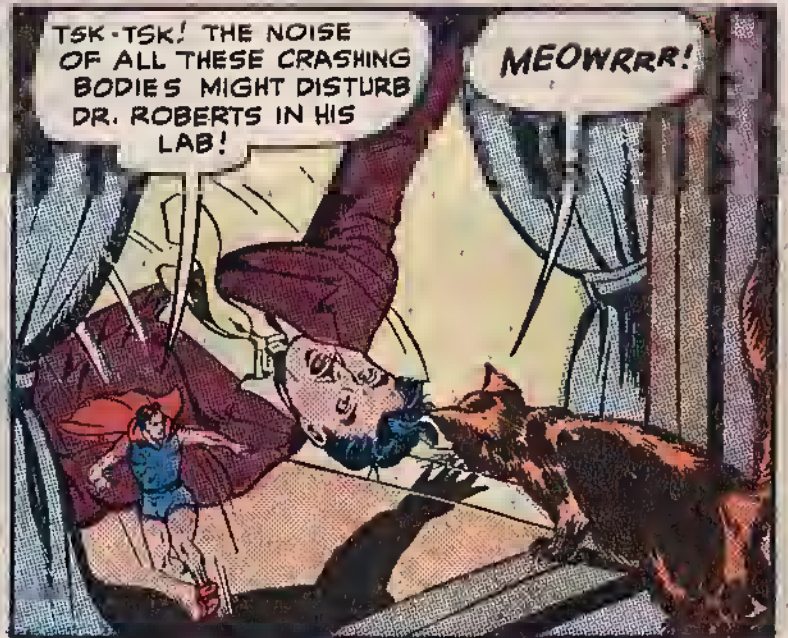
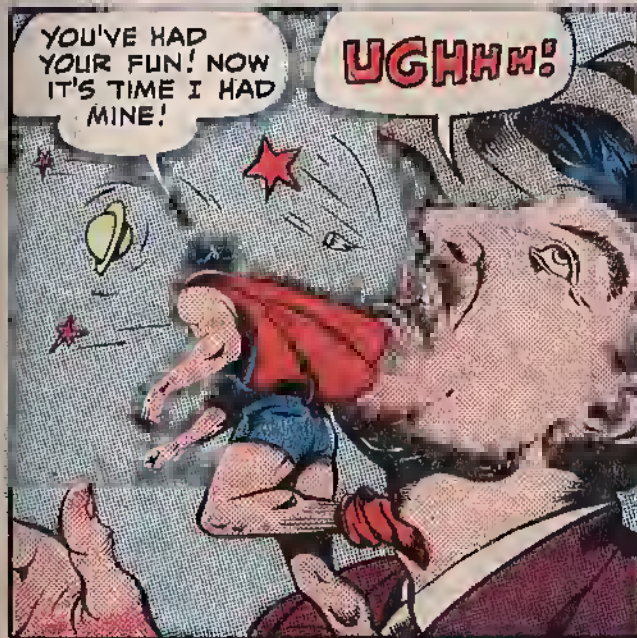
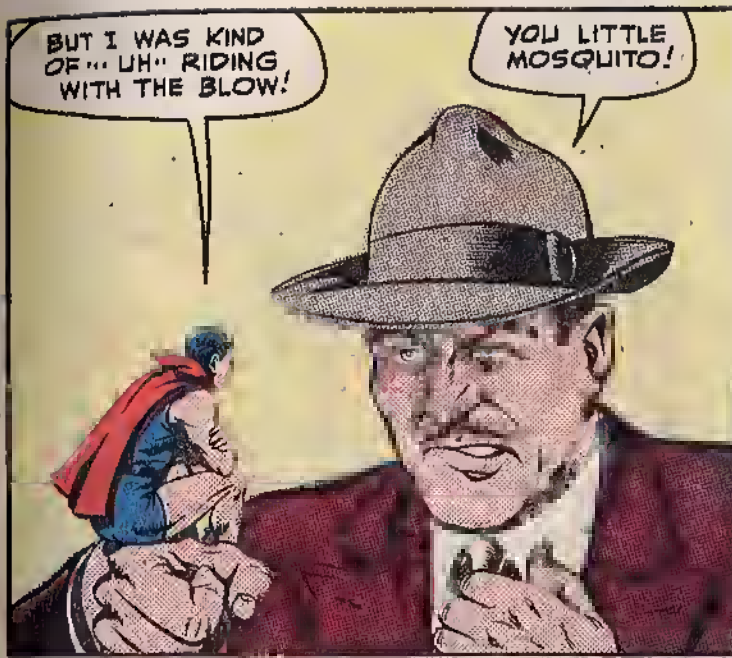
# FEATURE COMICS





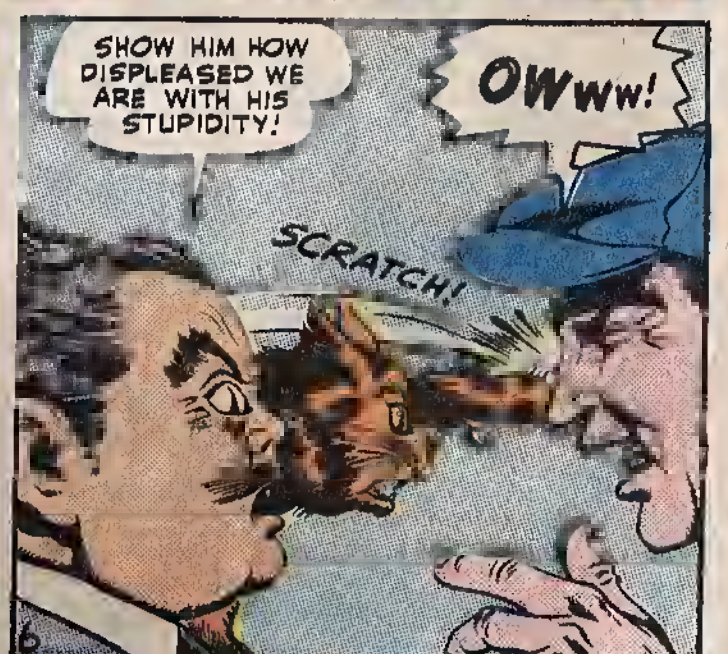
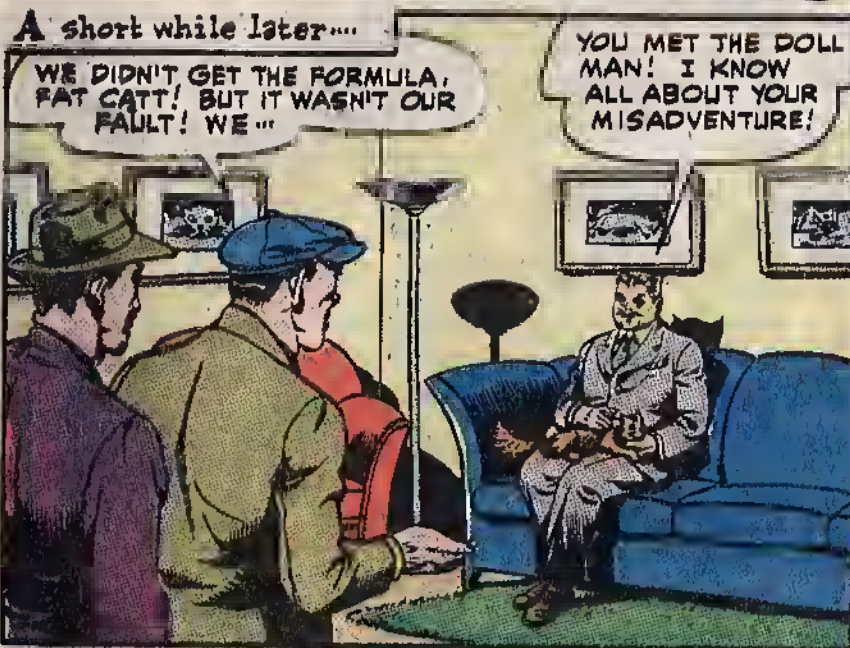
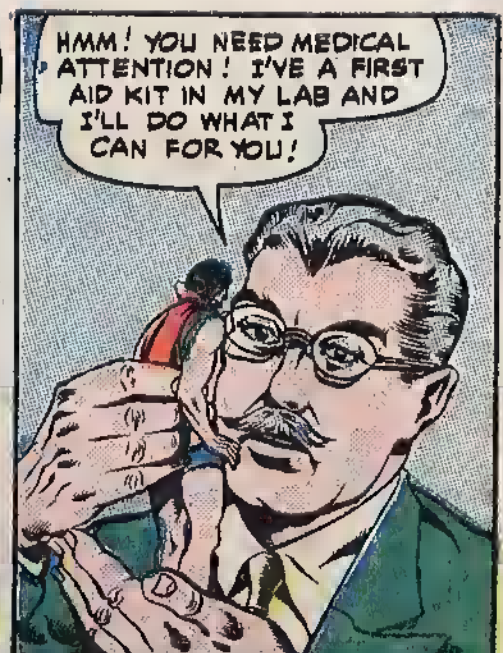




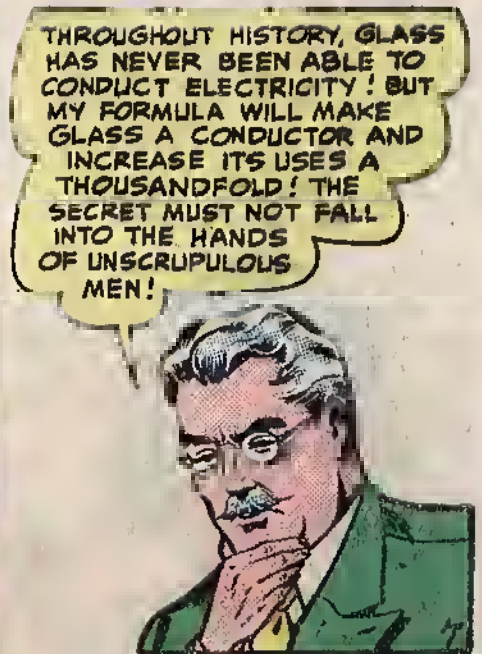
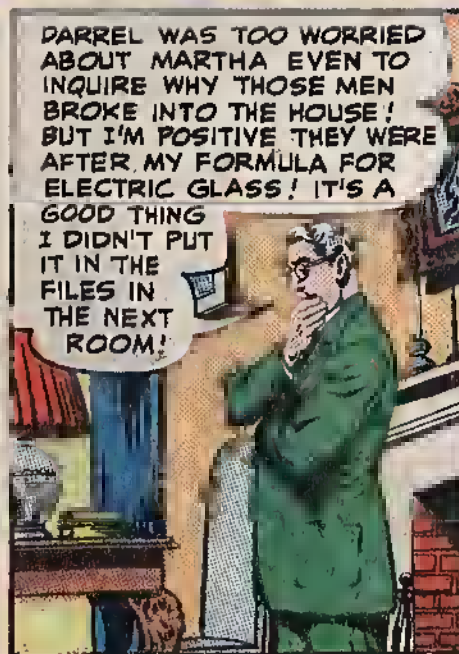
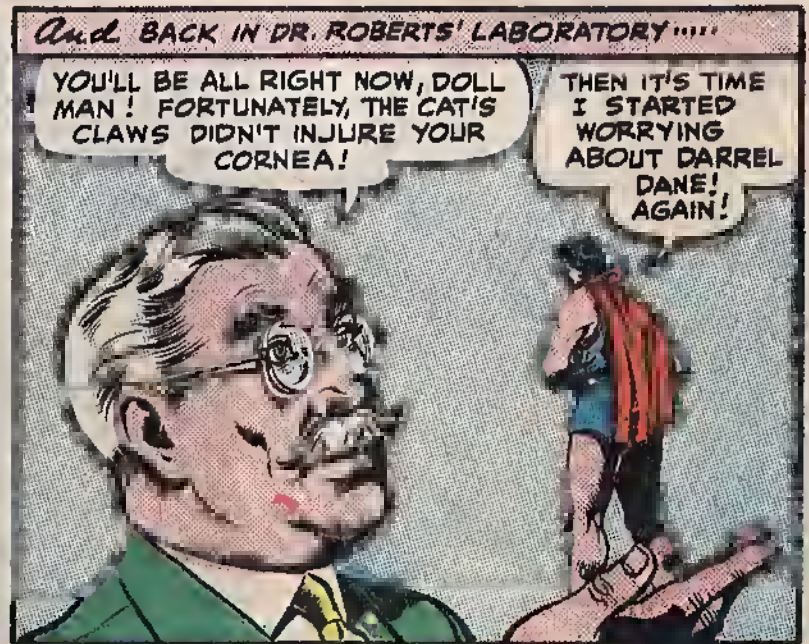
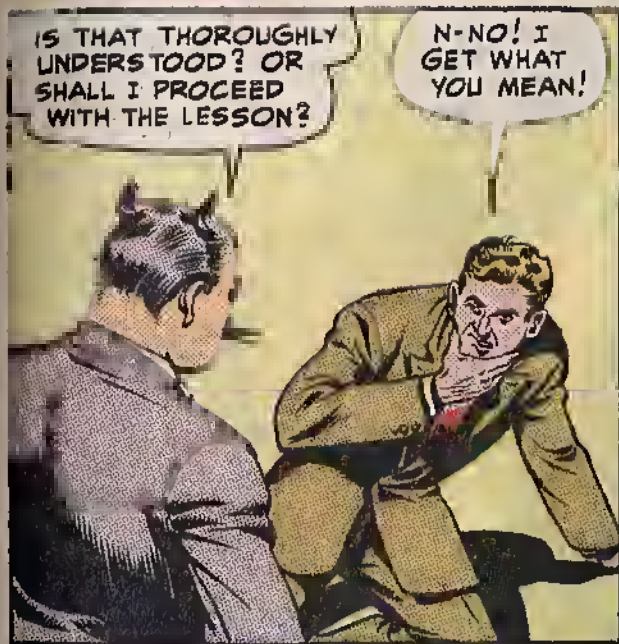




FEATURE COMICS

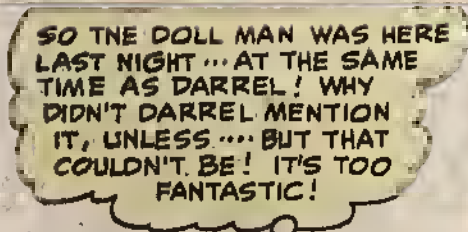
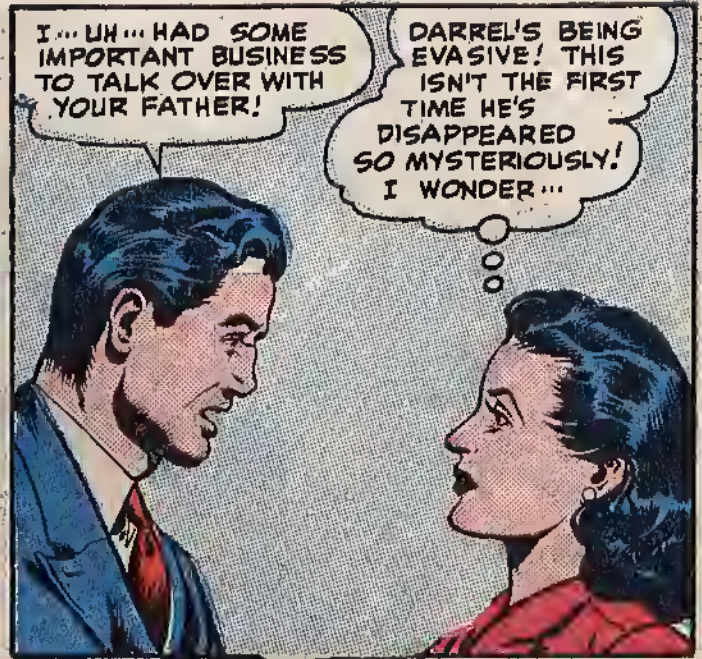






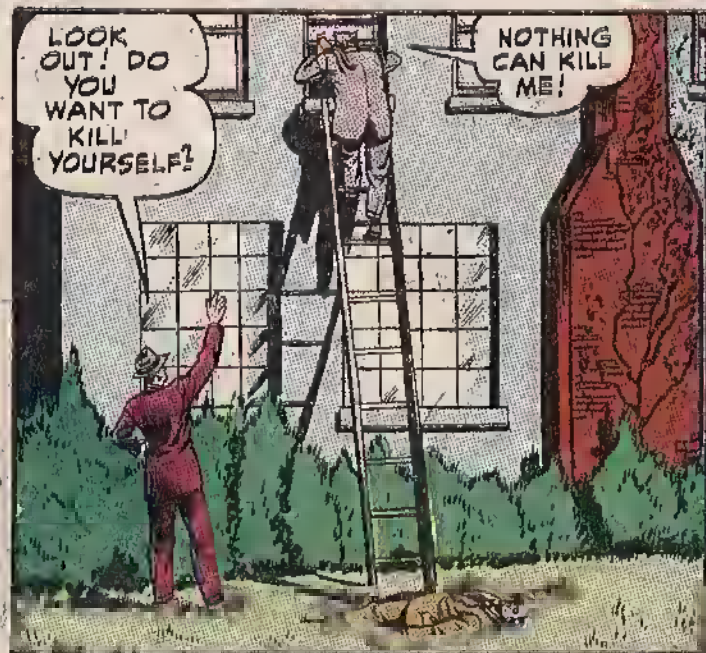
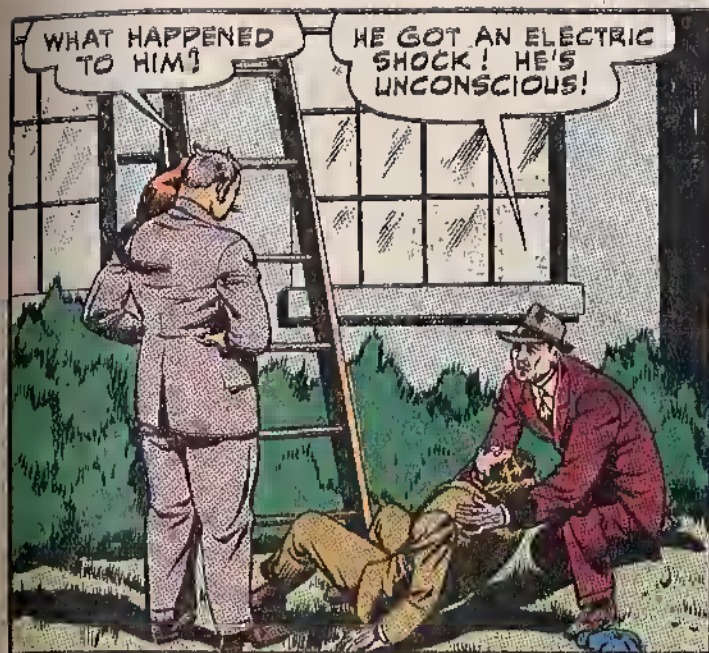


FEATURE COMICS



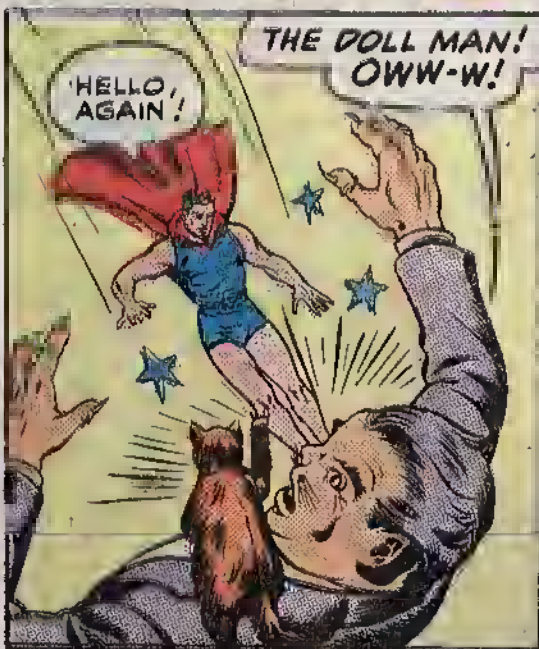
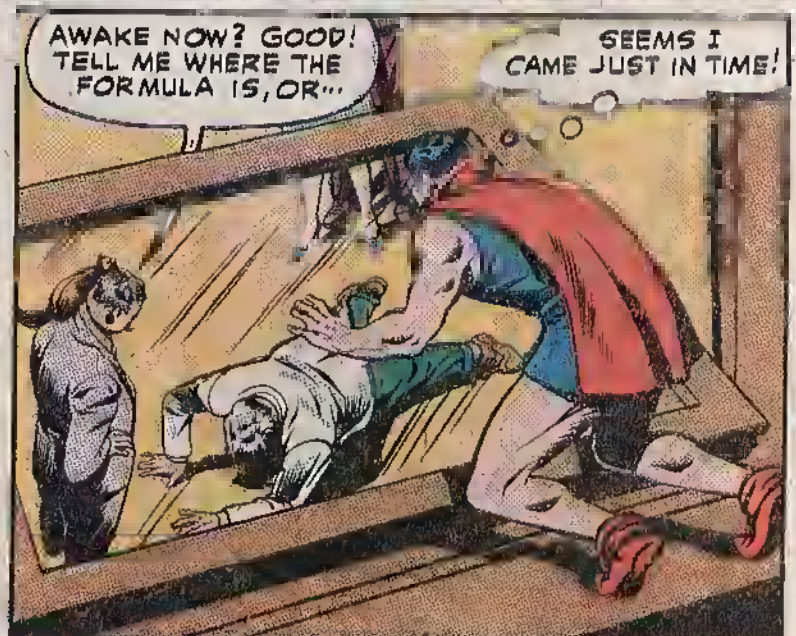
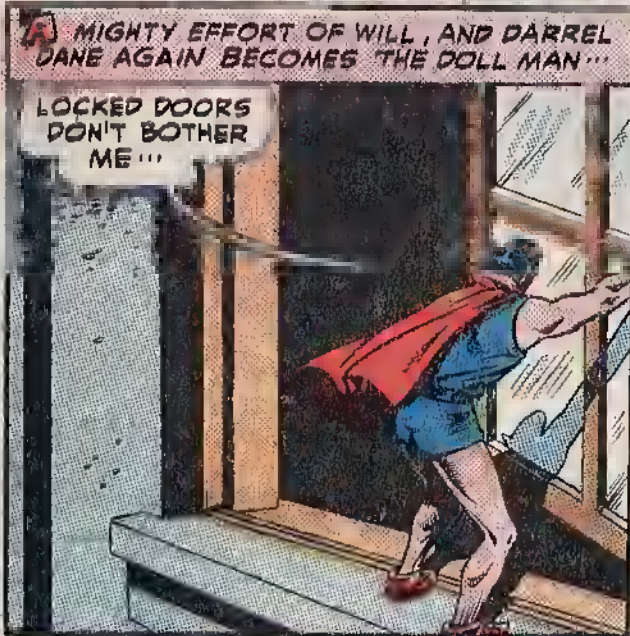
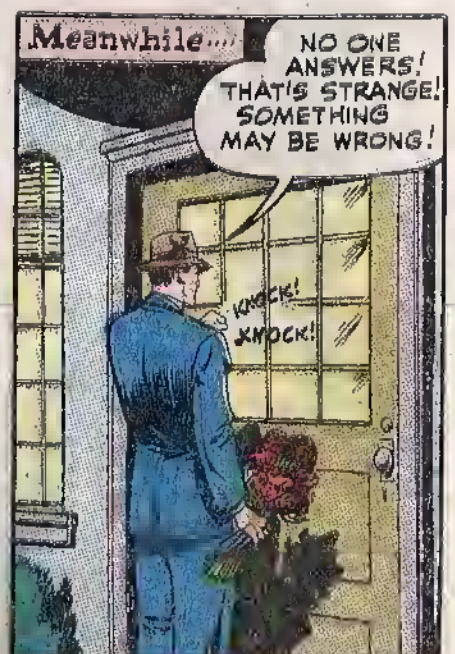


FEATURE COMICS



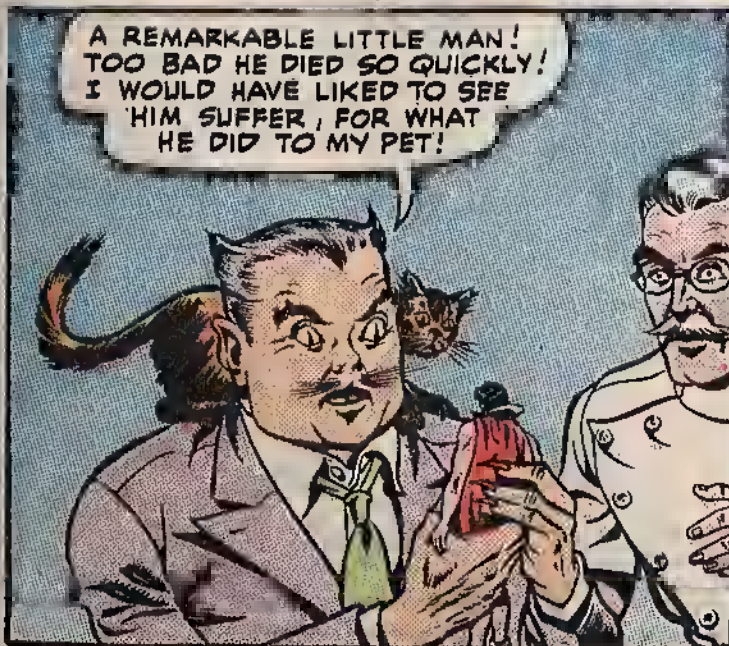
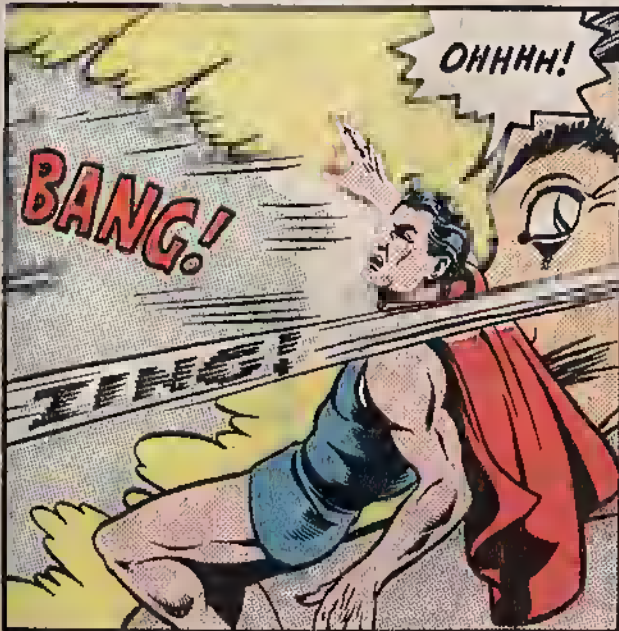


FEATURE COMICS



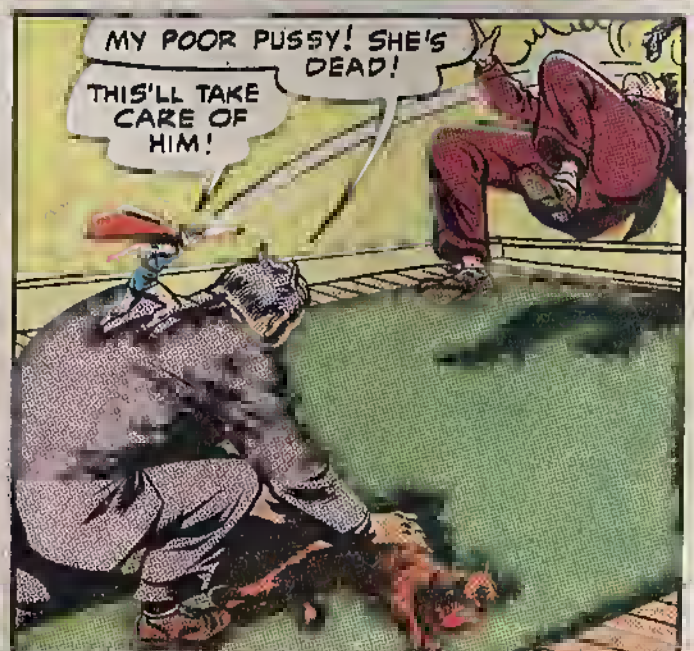
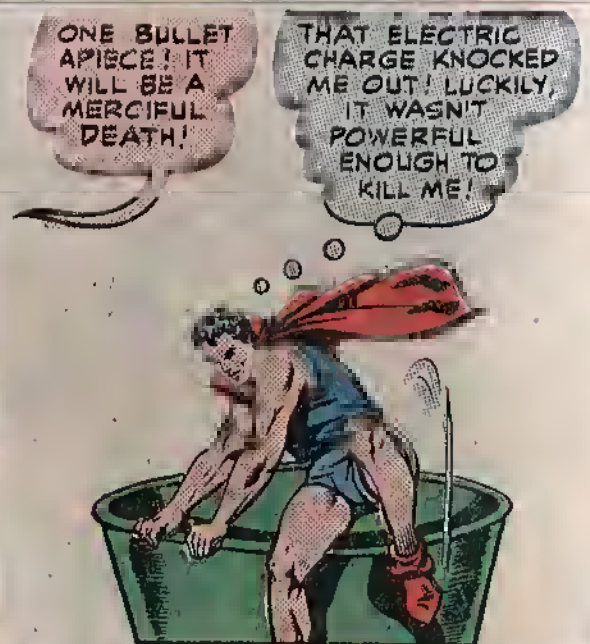
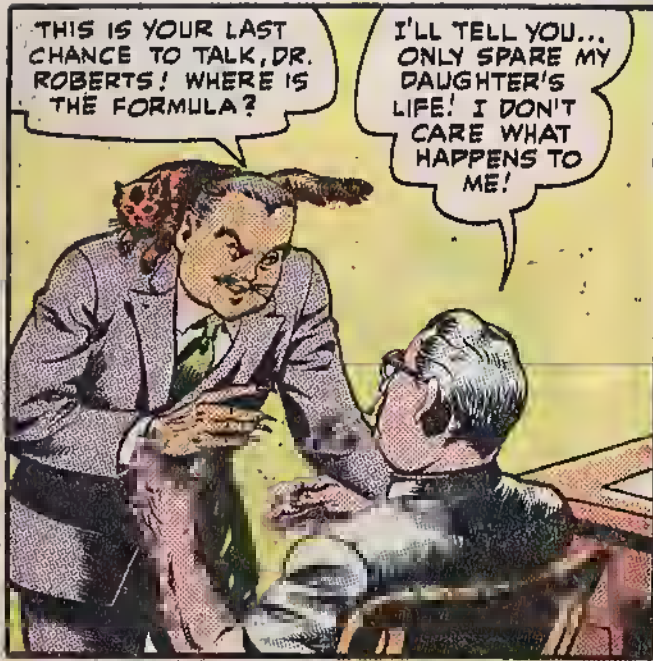


FEATURE COMICS





# FEATURE COMICS





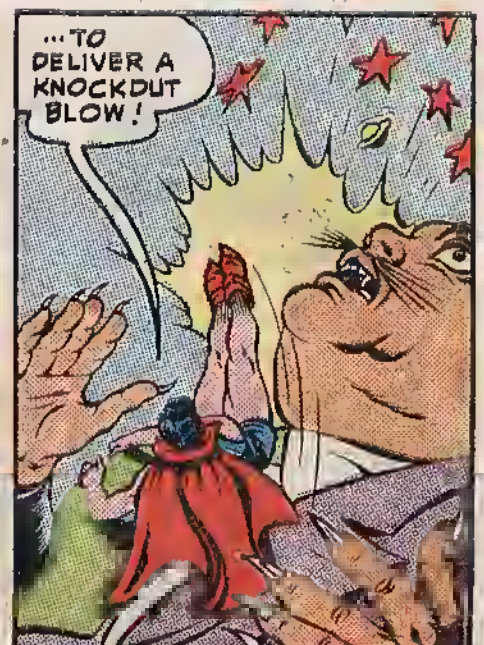
FEATURE COMICS



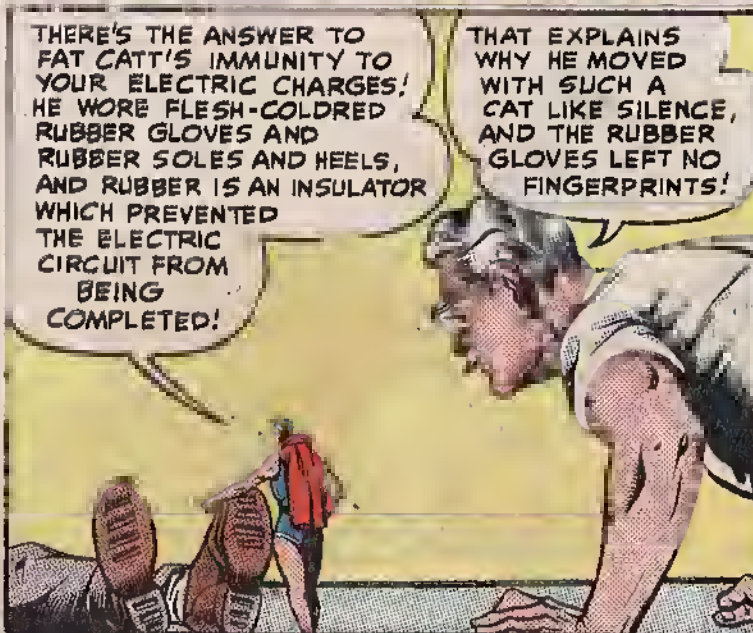
YOU LITTLE FIEND!  
I'LL CRUSH YOU!



THIS GIVES  
ME A LITTLE  
MORE  
LEVERAGE...



...TO  
DELIVER A  
KNOCKOUT  
BLOW!



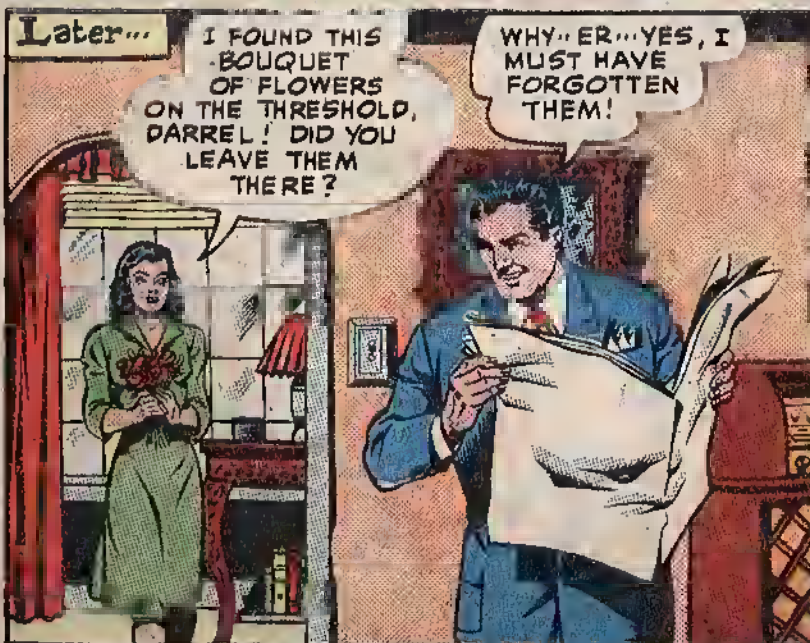
THERE'S THE ANSWER TO  
FAT CATT'S IMMUNITY TO  
YOUR ELECTRIC CHARGES!  
HE WORE FLESH-COLORED  
RUBBER GLOVES AND  
RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS,  
AND RUBBER IS AN INSULATOR  
WHICH PREVENTED  
THE ELECTRIC  
CIRCUIT FROM  
BEING  
COMPLETED!

THAT EXPLAINS  
WHY HE MOVED  
WITH SUCH A  
CAT LIKE SILENCE,  
AND THE RUBBER  
GLOVES LEFT NO  
FINGERPRINTS!



CALL THE POLICE,  
DOCTOR! FAT  
CATT MAY HAVE  
NINE LIVES,  
BUT HE'S GOING  
TO LIVE THEM  
ALL IN PRISON!

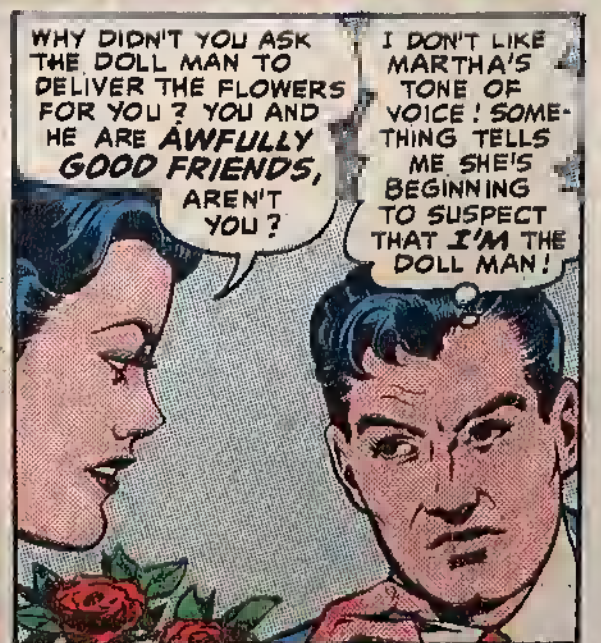
IT DOESN'T SEEM  
POSSIBLE! BUT...  
BUT IN MANY WAYS,  
THE DOLL MAN  
IS JUST  
LIKE DARREL  
DANE!



Later...

I FOUND THIS  
BOUQUET  
OF FLOWERS  
ON THE THRESHOLD,  
DARREL! DID YOU  
LEAVE THEM  
THERE?

WHY...ER...YES, I  
MUST HAVE  
FORGOTTEN  
THEM!

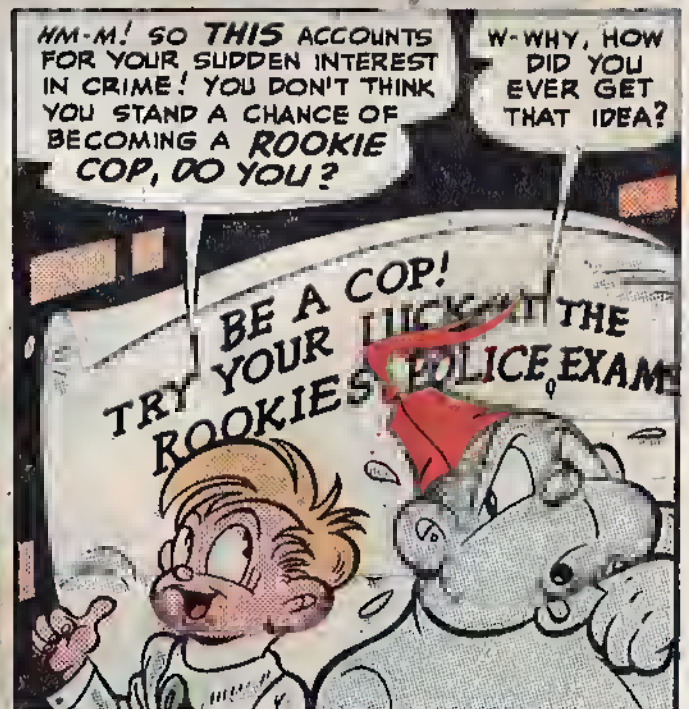
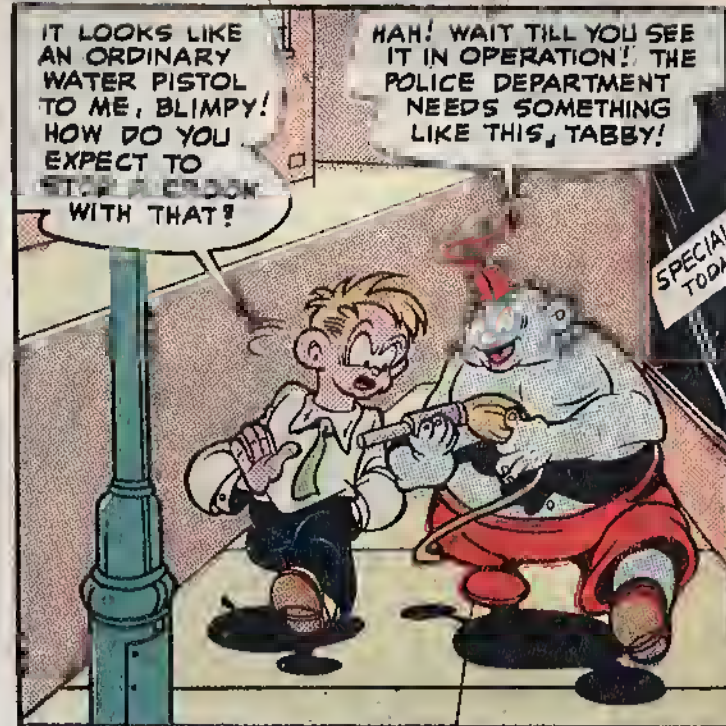
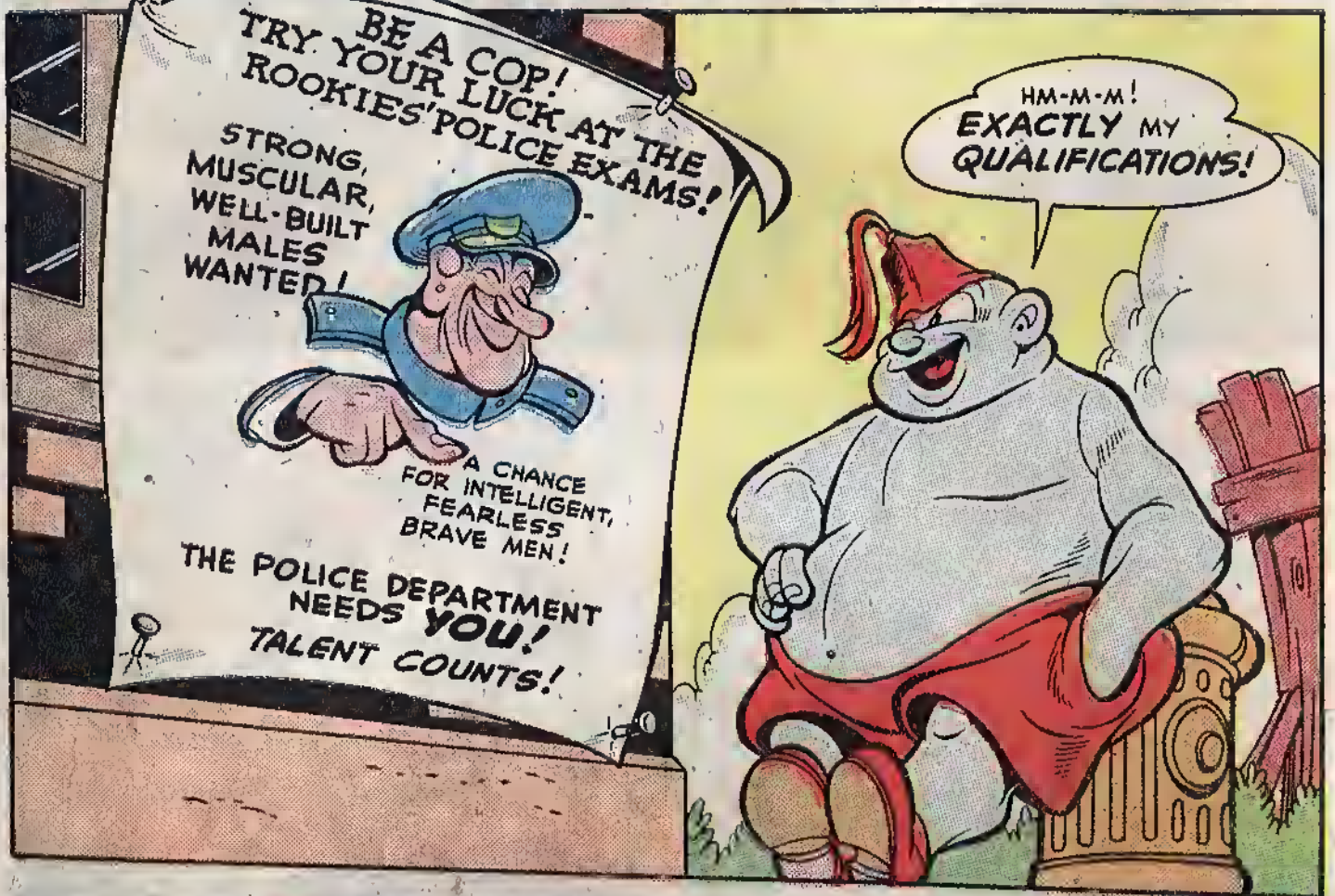


WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK  
THE DOLL MAN TO  
DELIVER THE FLOWERS  
FOR YOU? YOU AND  
HE ARE **AWFULLY  
GOOD FRIENDS**,  
AREN'T  
YOU?

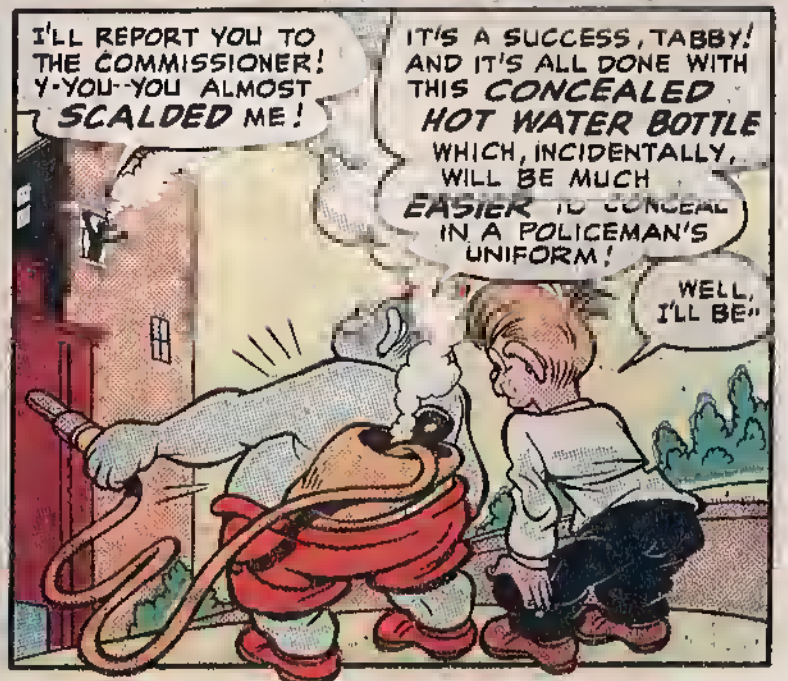
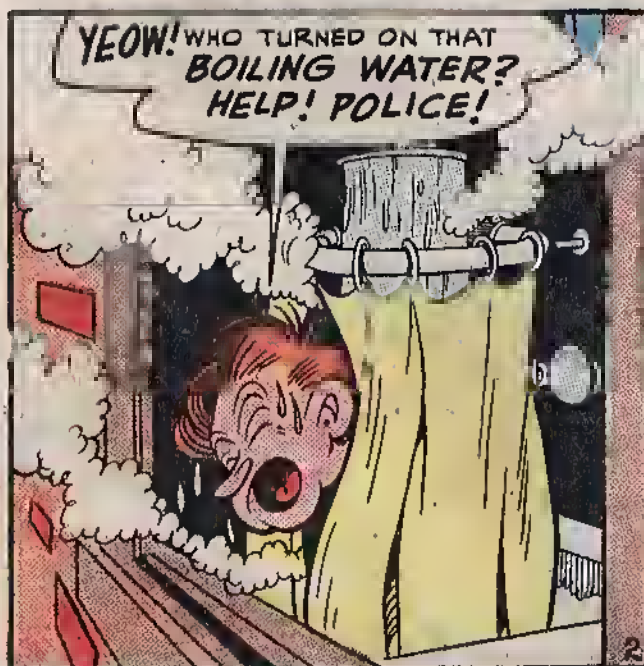
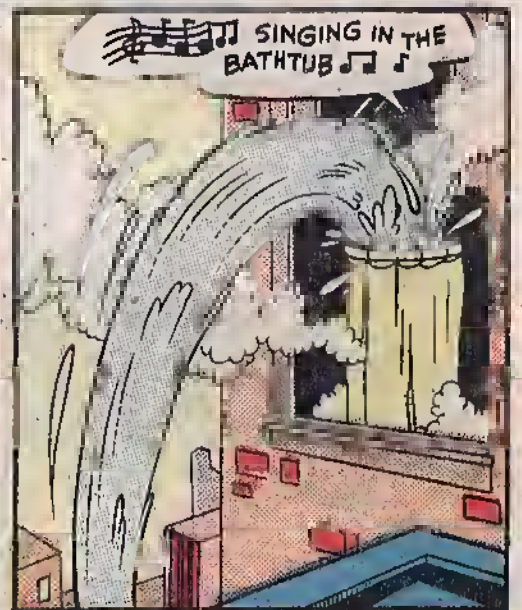
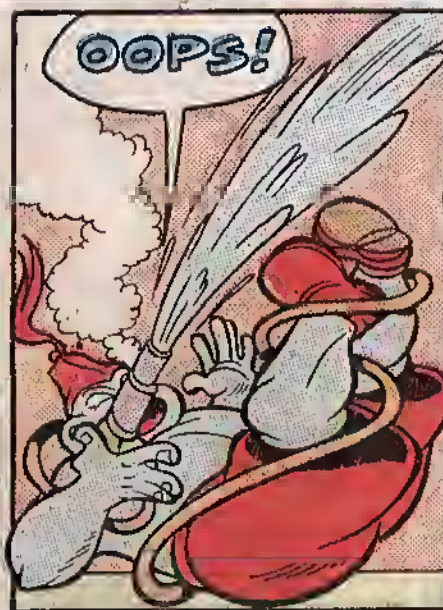
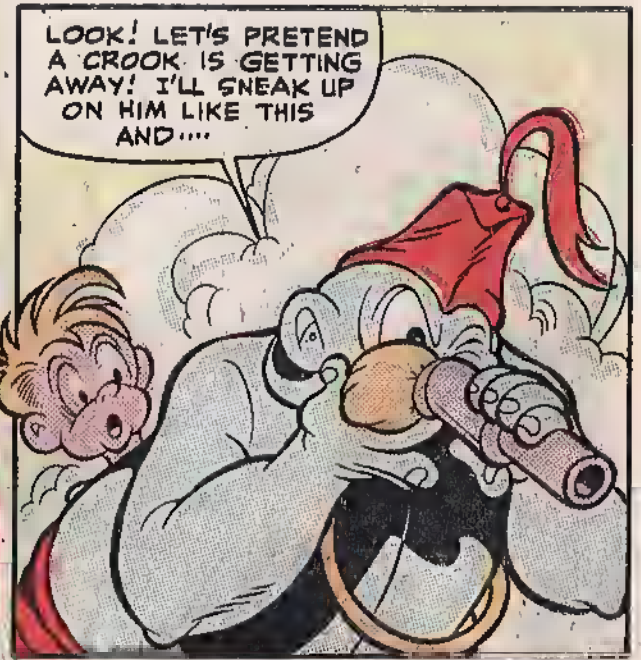
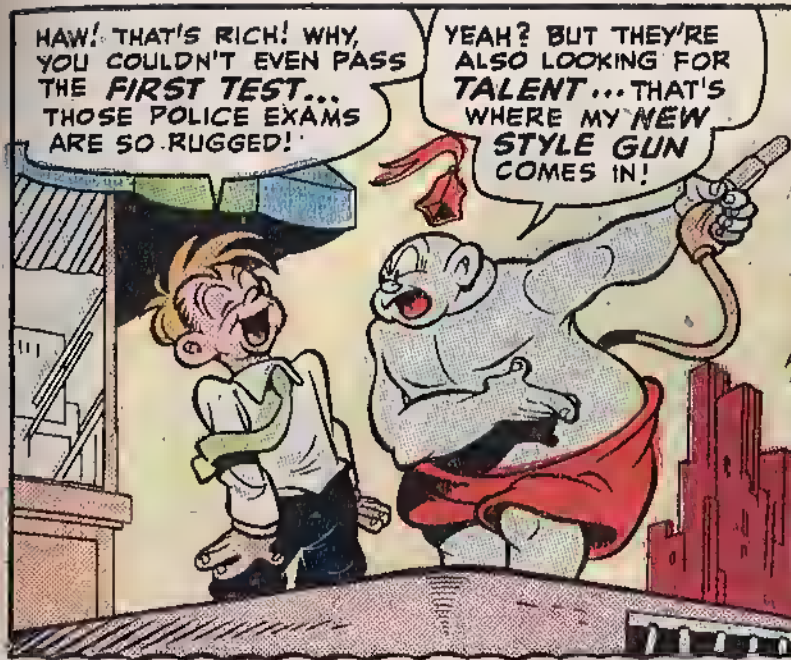
I DON'T LIKE  
MARTHA'S  
TONE OF  
VOICE! SOME-  
THING TELLS  
ME SHE'S  
BEGINNING  
TO SUSPECT  
THAT I'M THE  
DOLL MAN!



# BLIMPY

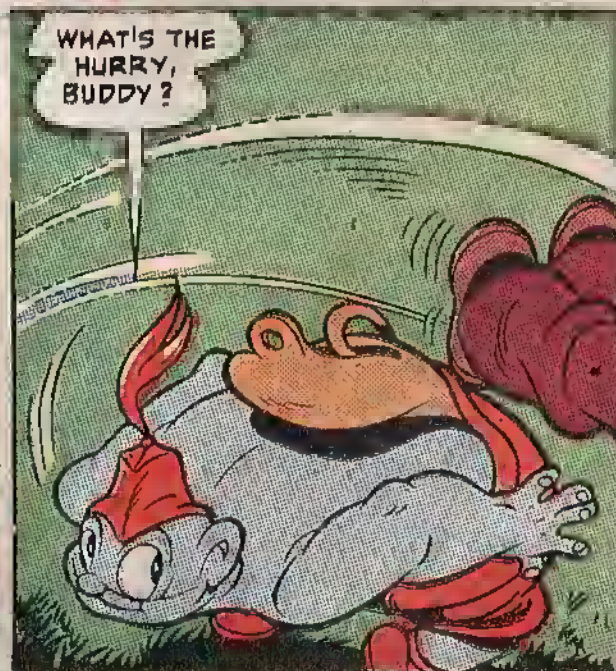
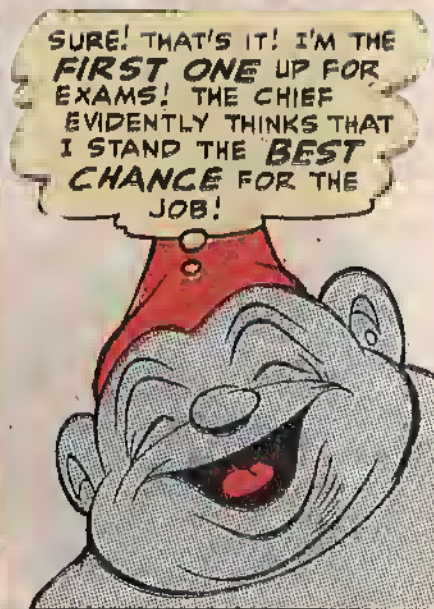
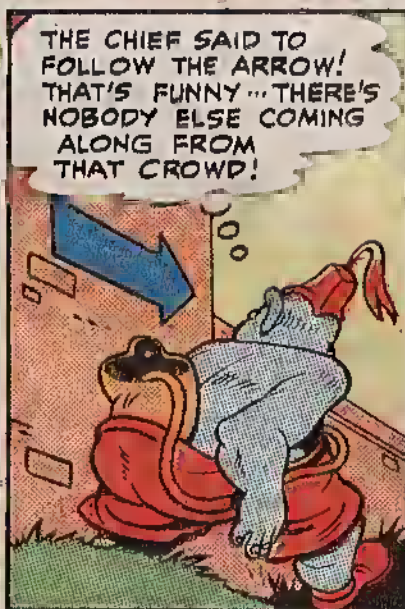
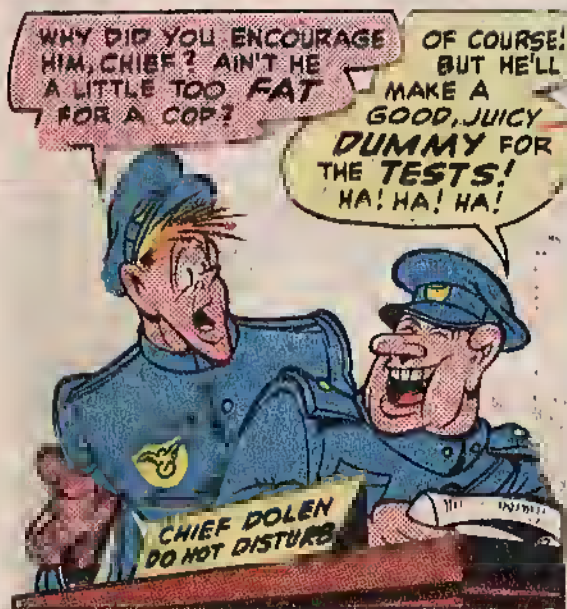
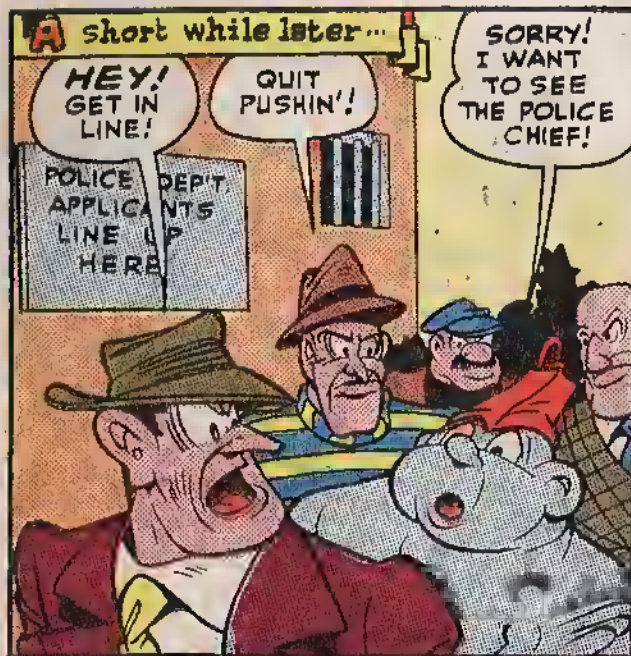




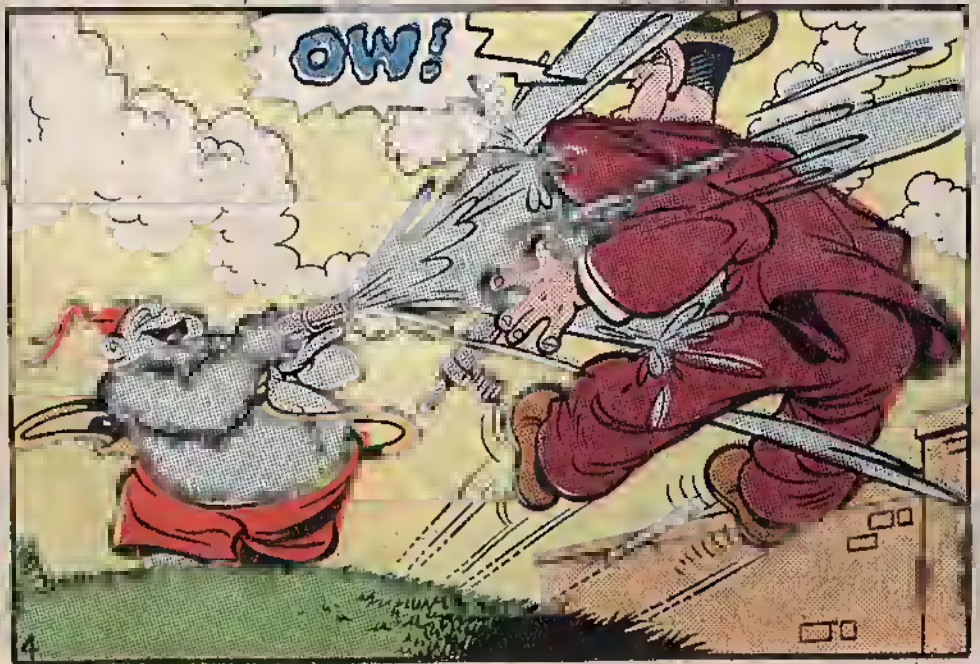
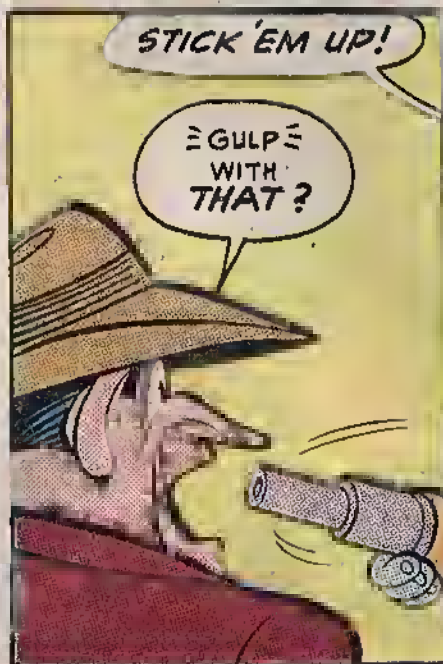
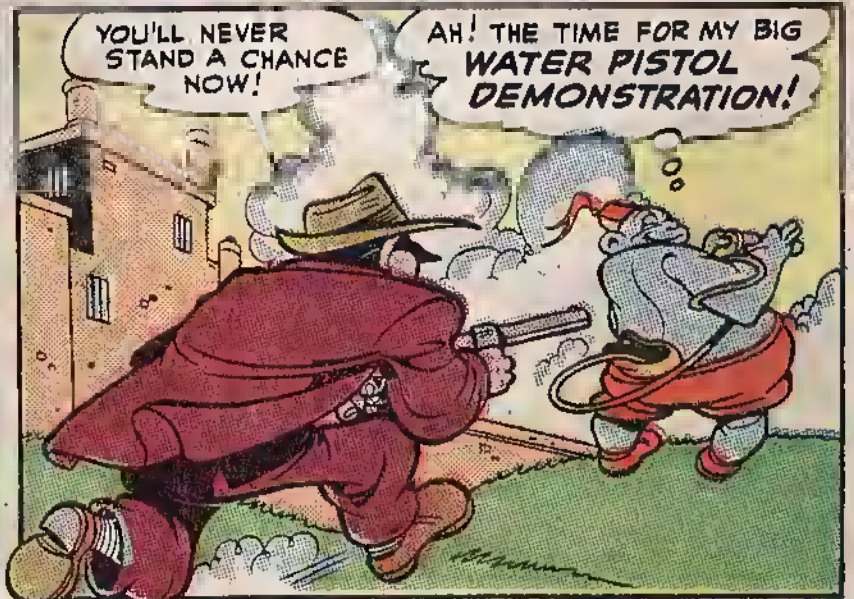
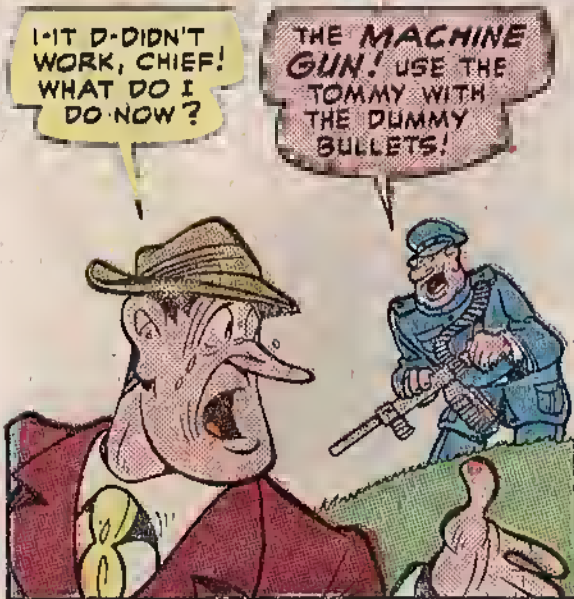
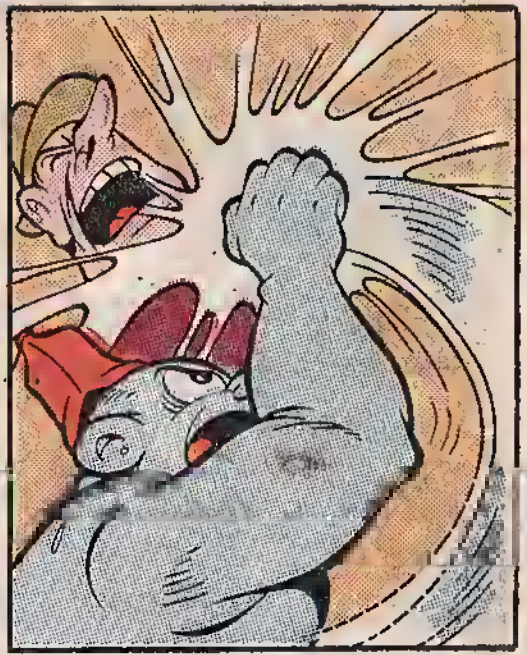
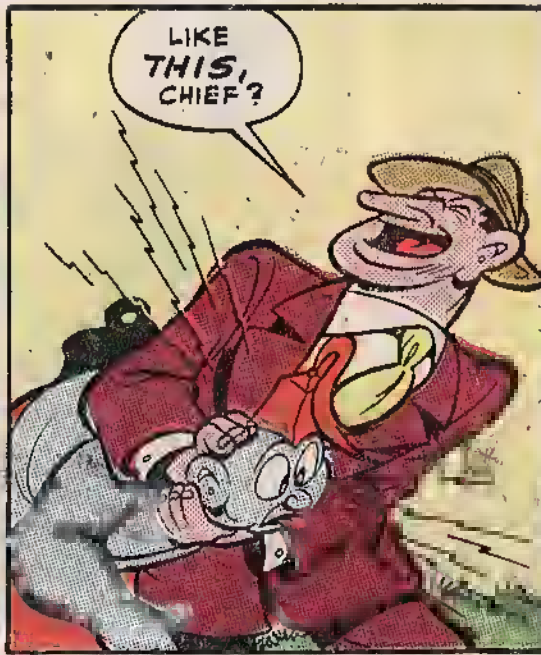




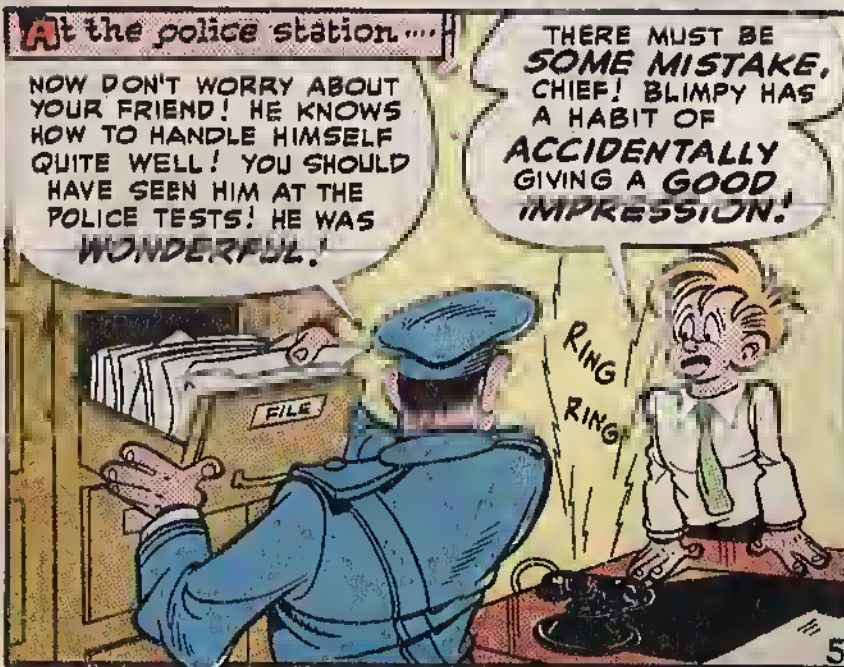
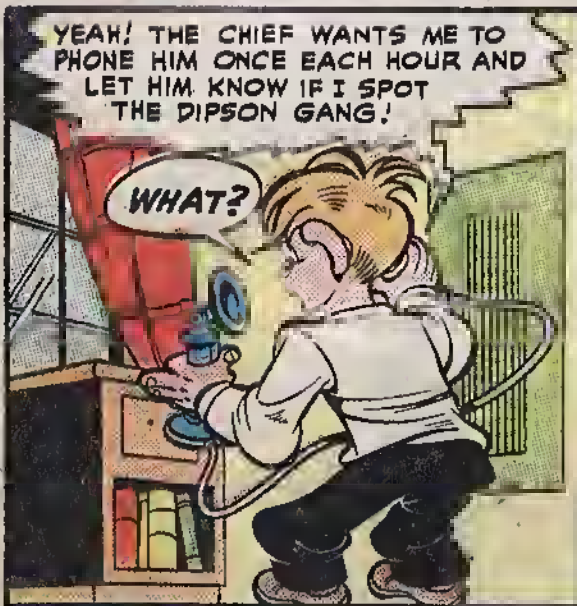
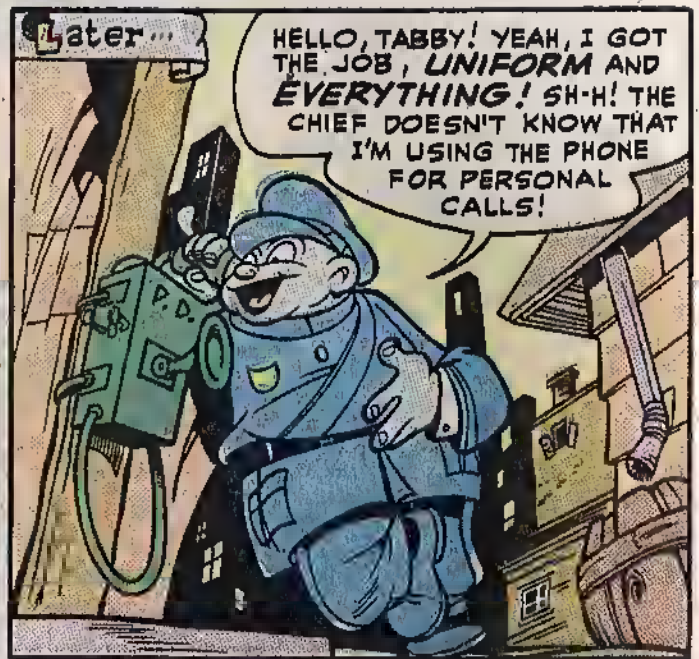
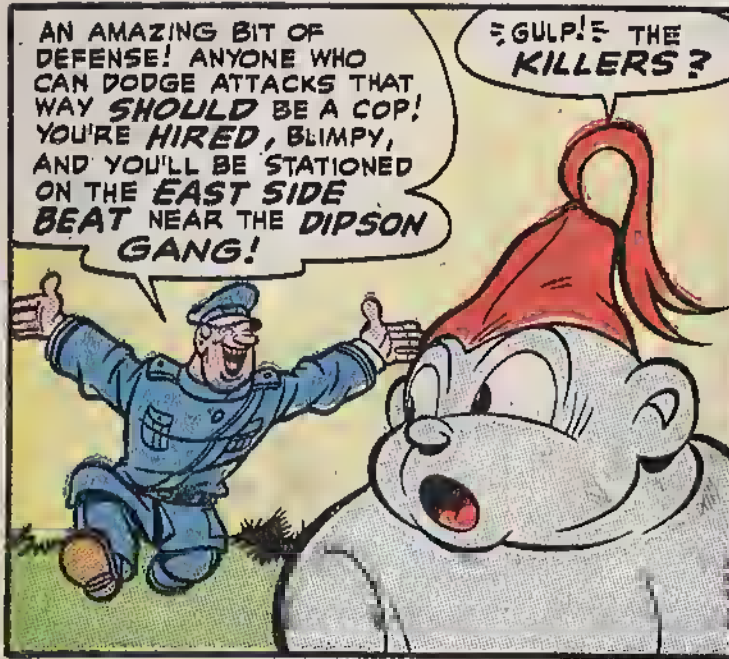
FEATURE COMICS



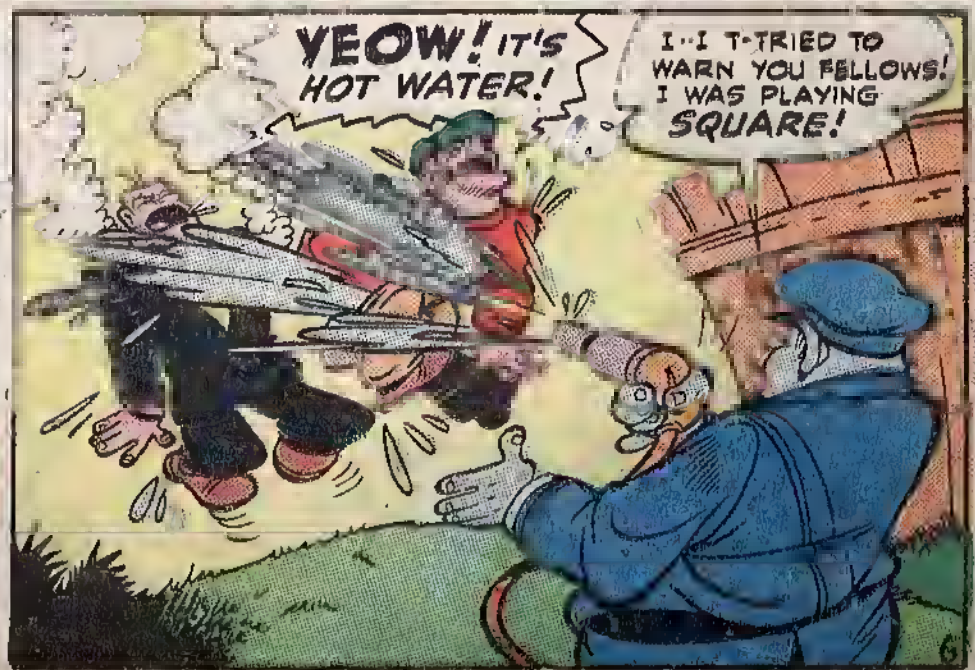
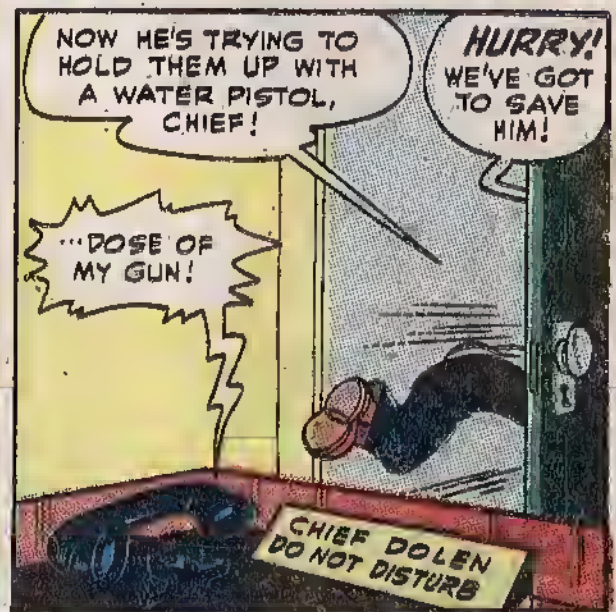
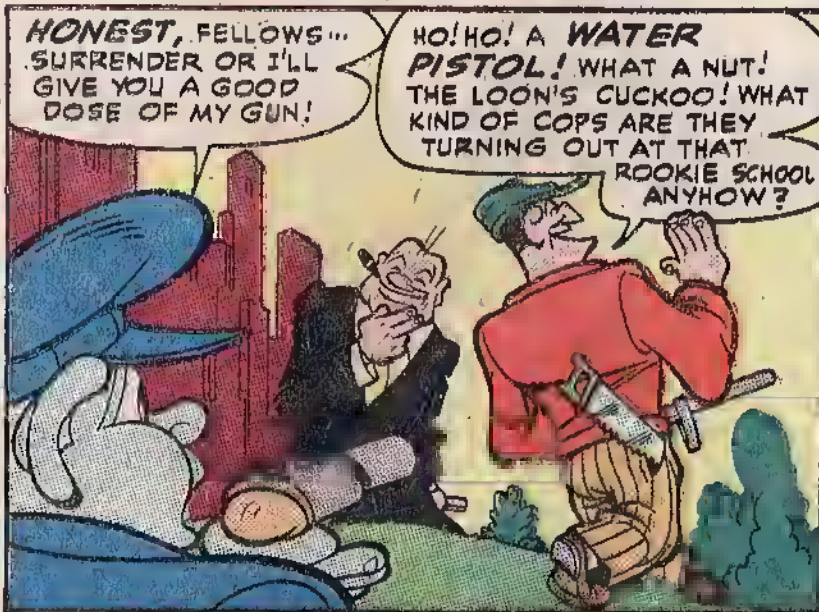
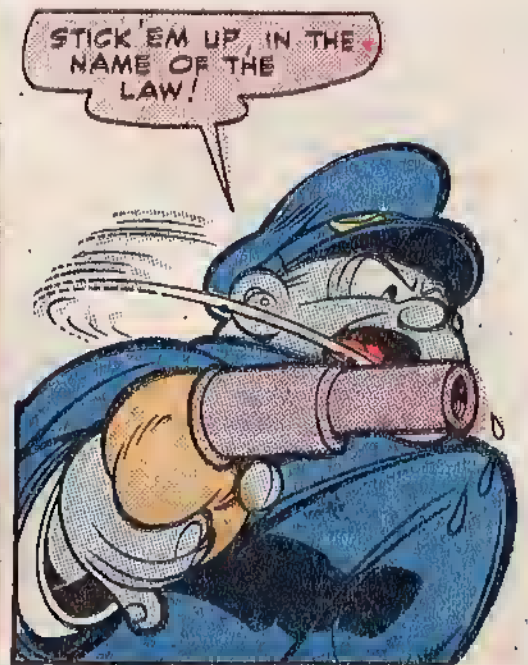






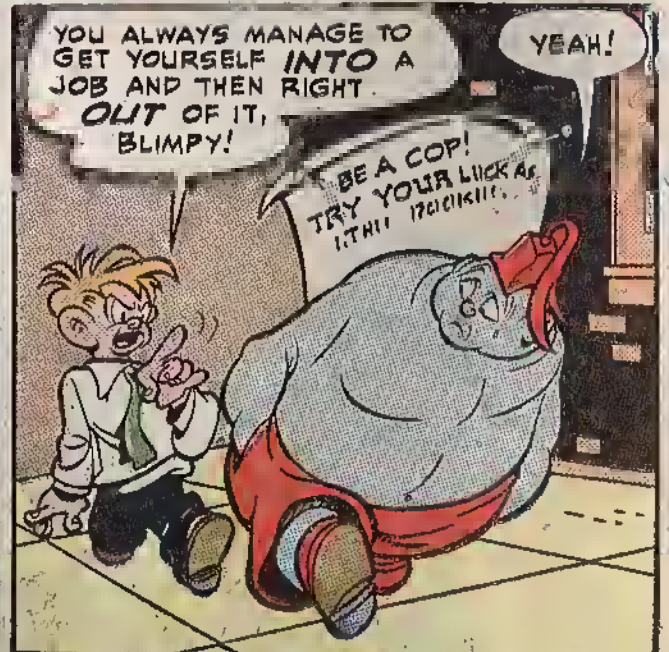
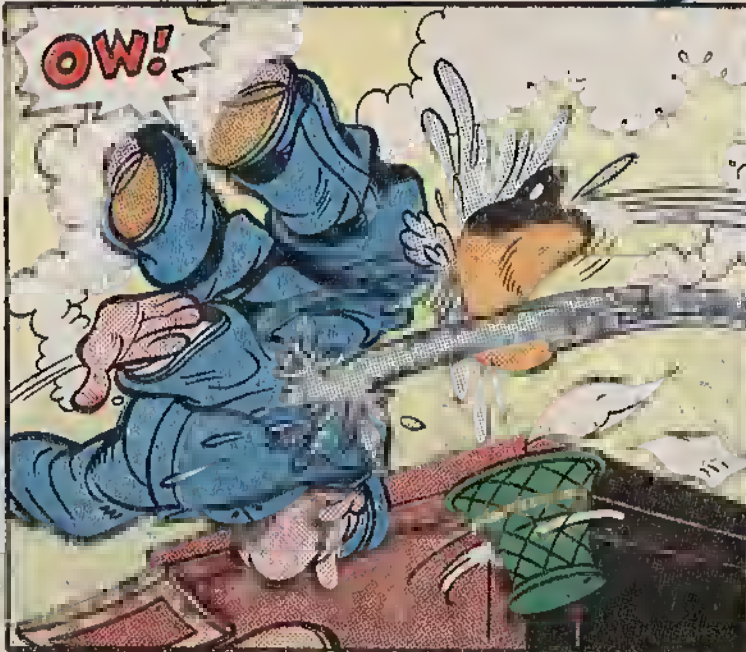
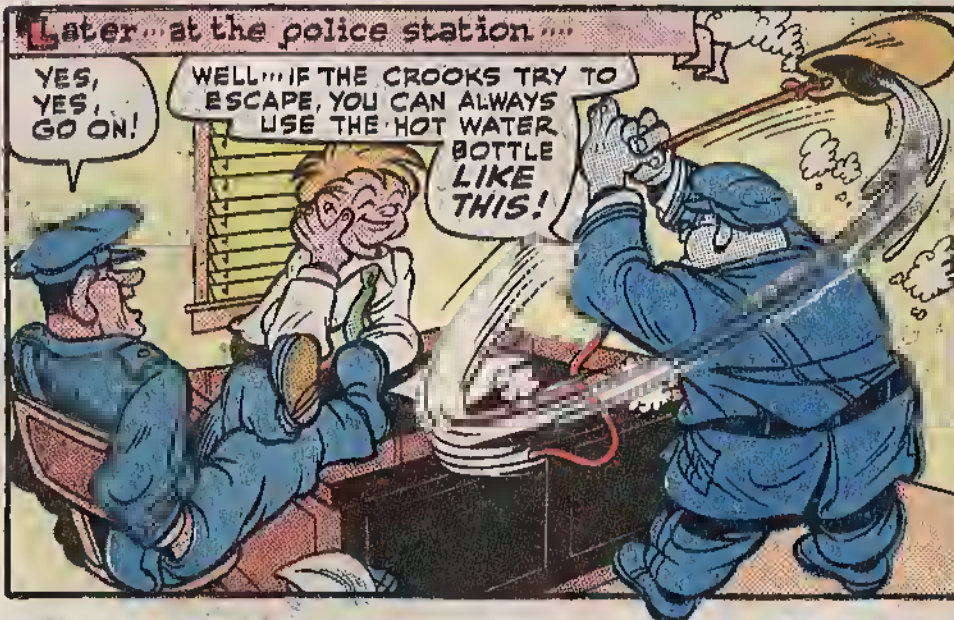
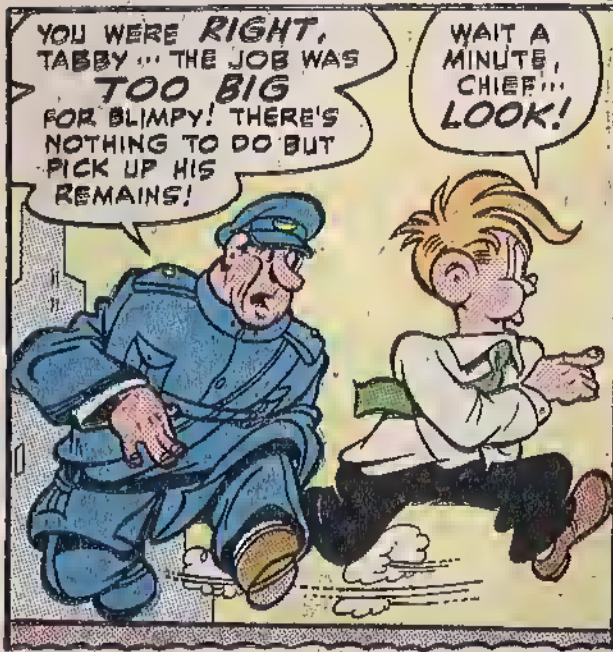






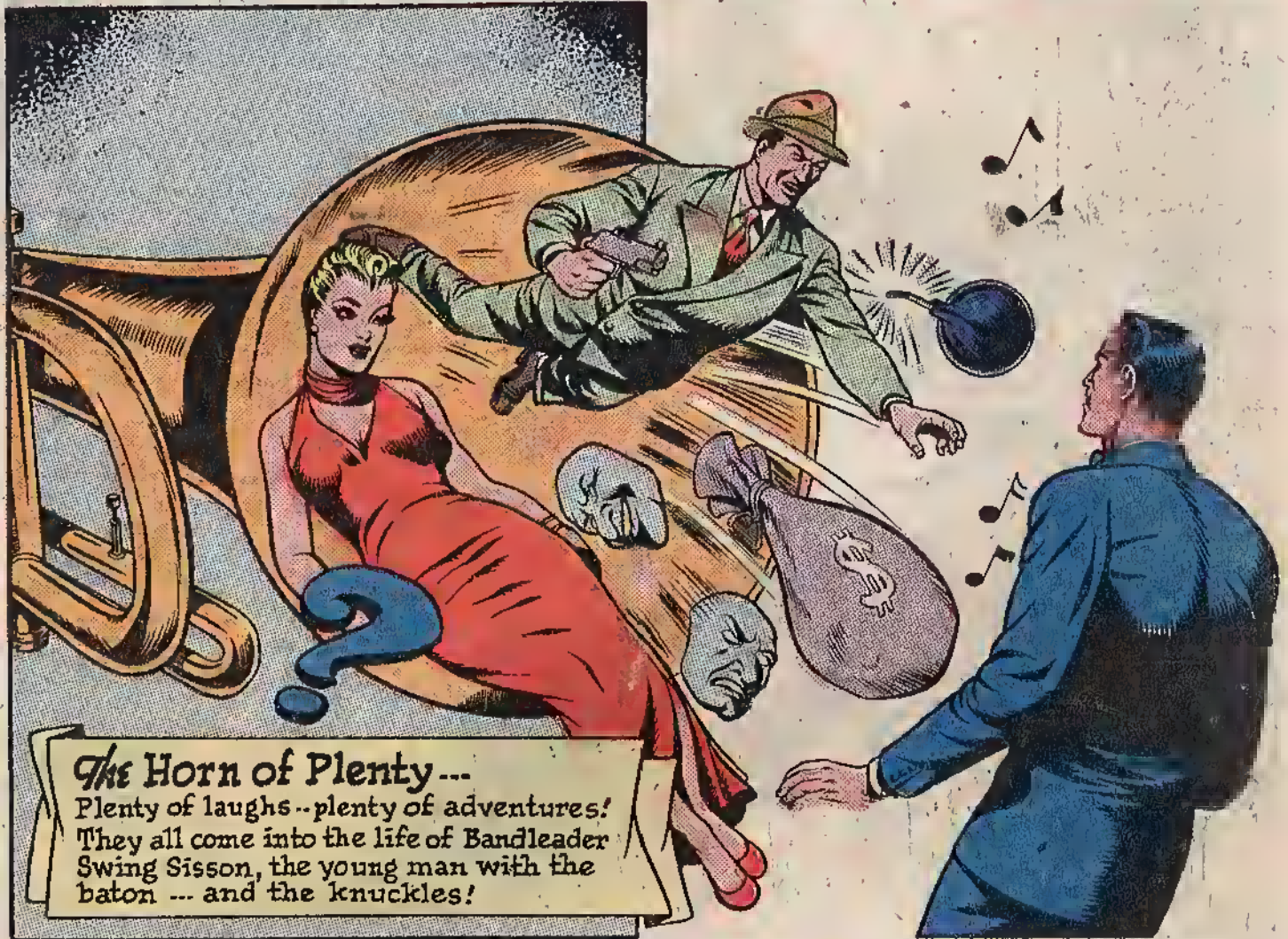


FEATURE COMICS





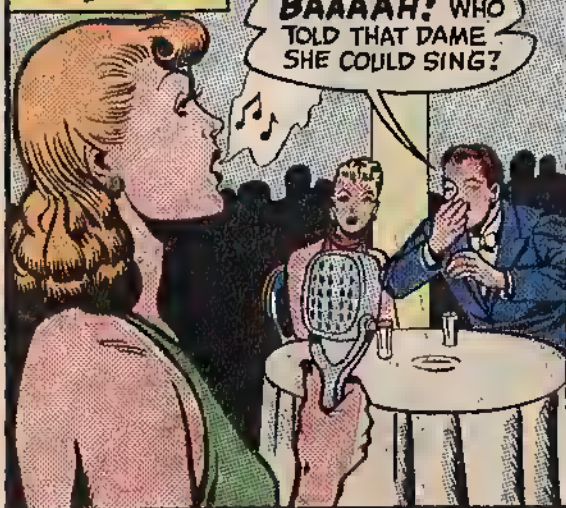
# SWING SISSON



## The Horn of Plenty...

Plenty of laughs..plenty of adventures!  
They all come into the life of Bandleader  
Swing Sisson, the young man with the  
baton ... and the knuckles!

The high point of the ten o'clock show  
at the **PALM CLUB** -- Bonnie Baxter sings,  
and everybody likes it--with **ONE**  
exception....



**BAAAAH!** WHO  
TOLD THAT DAME  
SHE COULD SING?

PSST, MAURICE... TELL  
THE NOISE-MAKER HE'S  
WANTED ON THE PHONE  
IN THE LOBBY!



OF  
COURSE,  
M'SIEU  
SISSON!

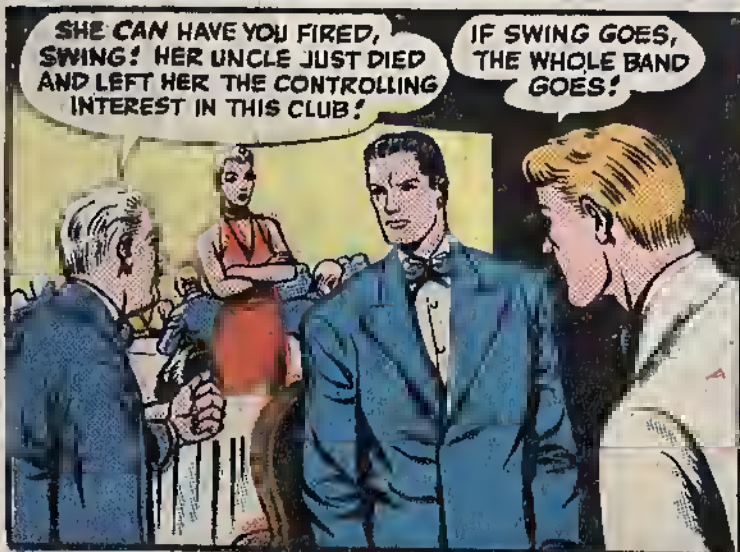
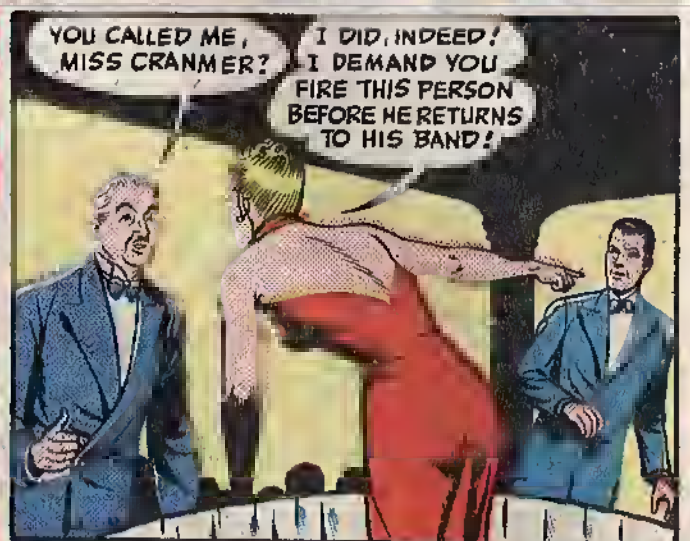
PHONE? WHO  
WANTS ME?  
WHERE'S THE  
PHONE?



THERE'S NO CALL!  
I SIMPLY HAD YOU  
SENT OUT HERE  
BECAUSE IT WAS LESS  
CONSPICUOUS THAN  
HAVING YOU BOUNCED!  
WE DON'T HOLD  
WITH HECKLERS!

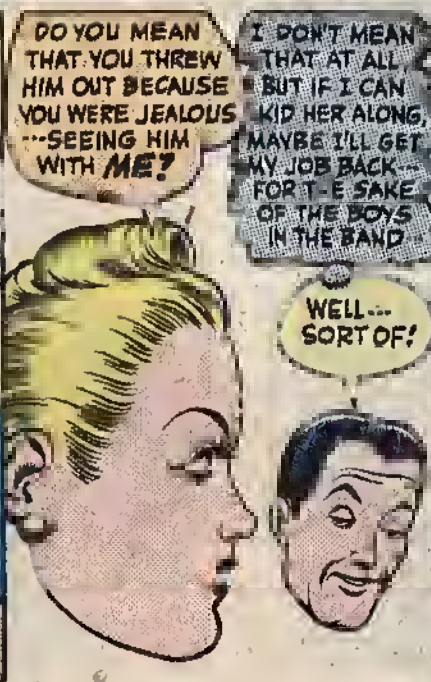
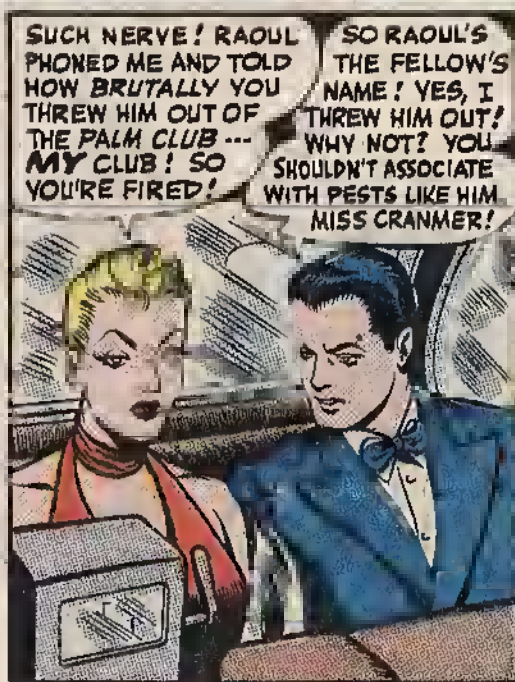
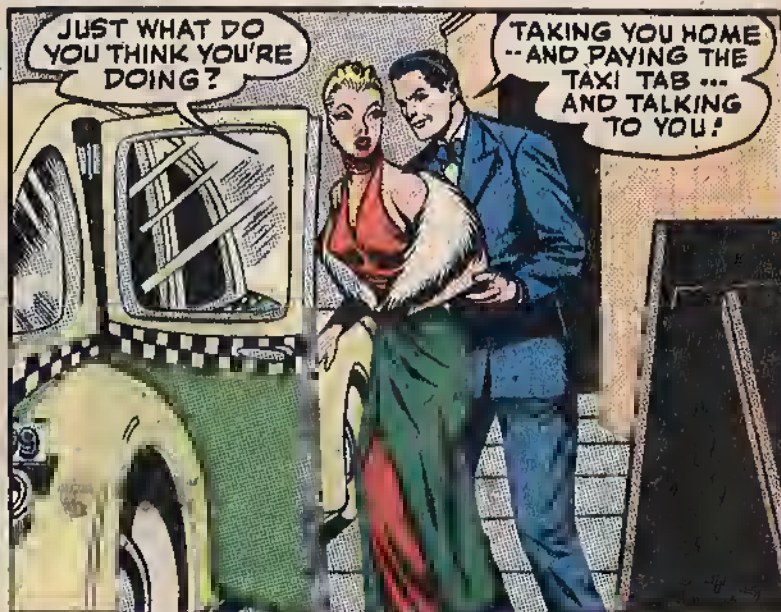
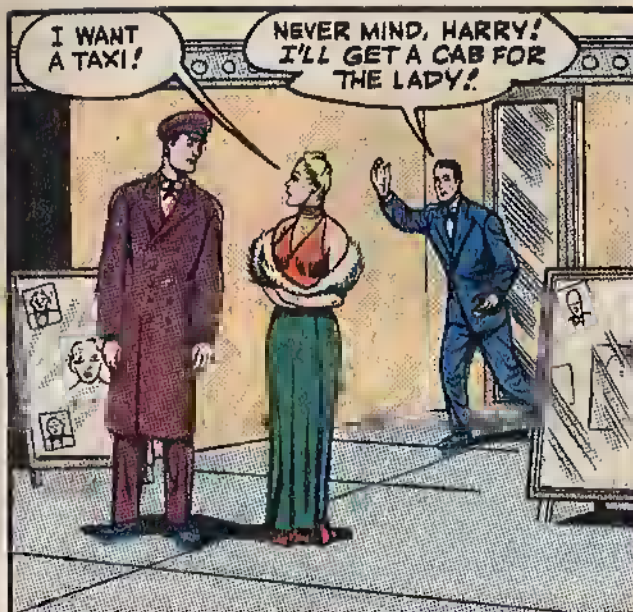


# FEATURE COMICS



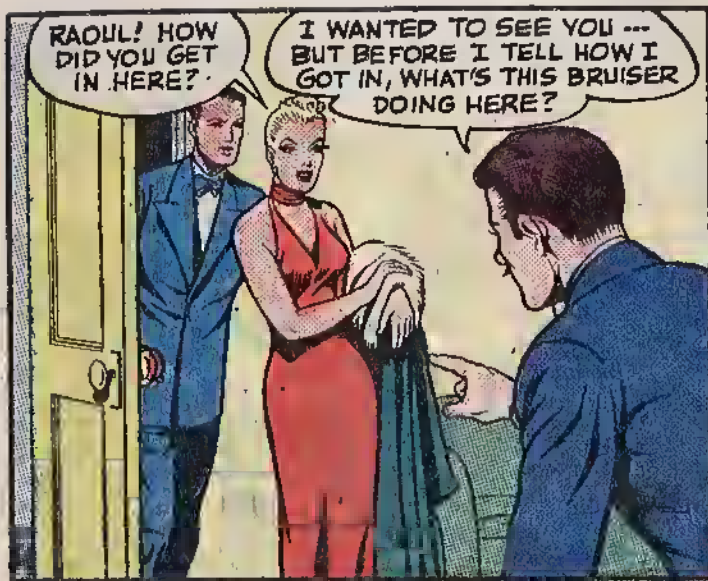


# FEATURE COMICS



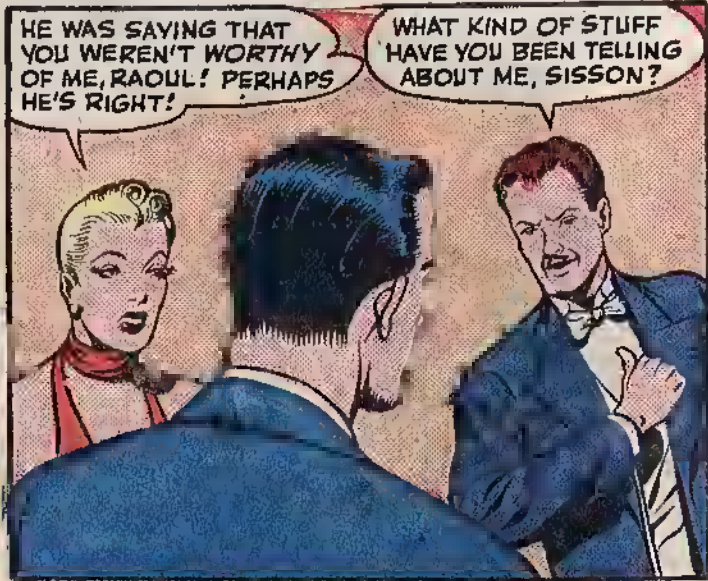


FEATURE COMICS



RAOUL! HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

I WANTED TO SEE YOU --- BUT BEFORE I TELL HOW I GOT IN, WHAT'S THIS BRUISER DOING HERE?



HE WAS SAYING THAT YOU WEREN'T WORTHY OF ME, RAOUL! PERHAPS HE'S RIGHT!

WHAT KIND OF STUFF HAVE YOU BEEN TELLING ABOUT ME, SISSON?



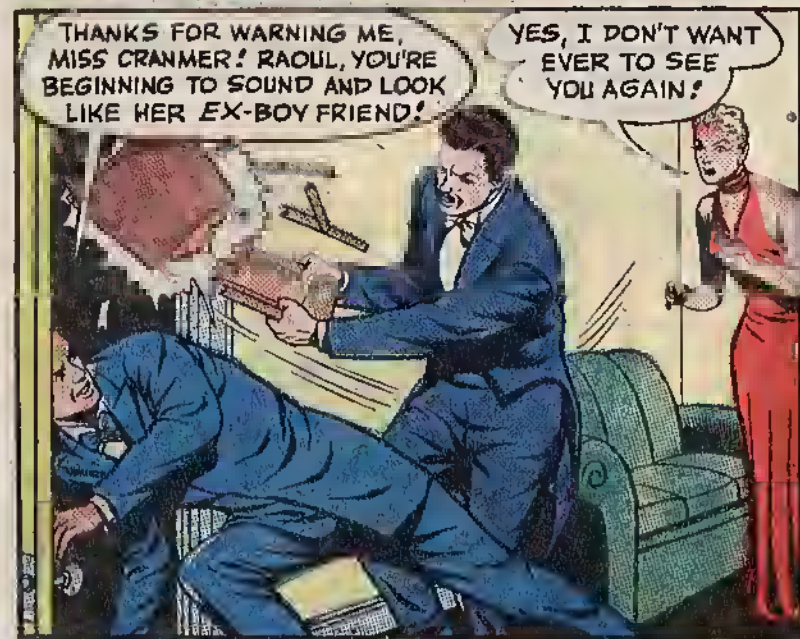
I KNOW THIS SNOOPER, DARLING! DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING HE SAYS! I WAS NOT TRYING TO PLAY YOU FOR A SUCKER TO GET THE PALM CLUB!

IT'S THE FIRST I HEARD ABOUT THIS, BUT YOU MAKE IT SOUND VERY CONVINCING!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, ONLY A REAL CRIMINAL COULD HAVE JIMMIED MISS CRANMER'S LOCK OPEN SO CLEVERLY!

DON'T, RAOUL!



THANKS FOR WARNING ME, MISS CRANMER! RAOUL, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SOUND AND LOOK LIKE HER EX-BOY FRIEND!

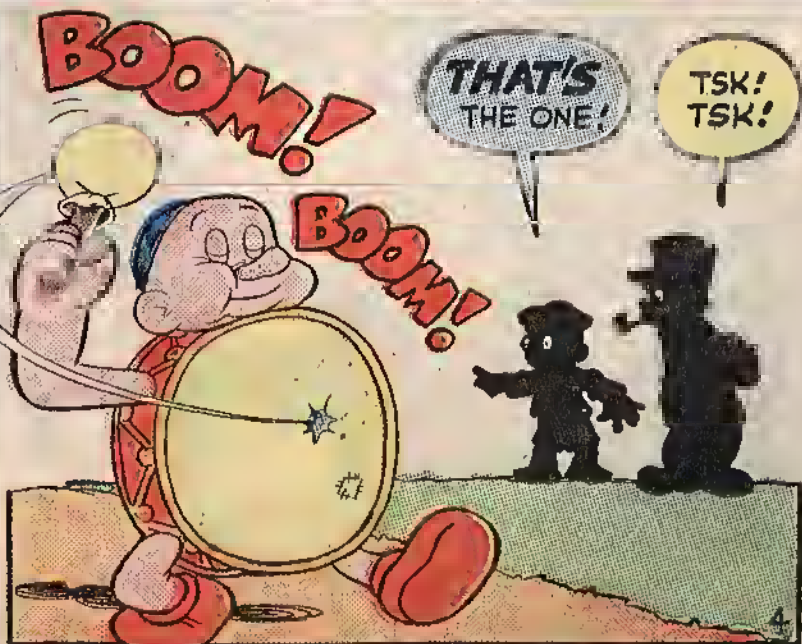
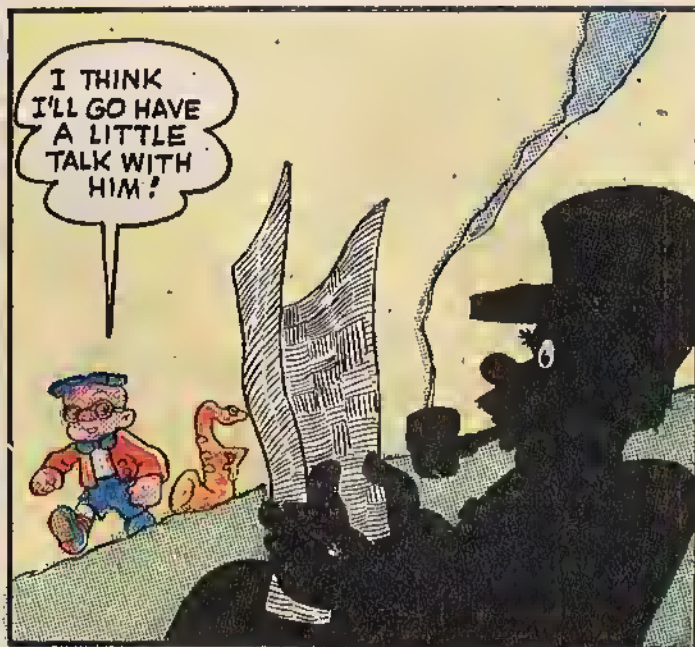
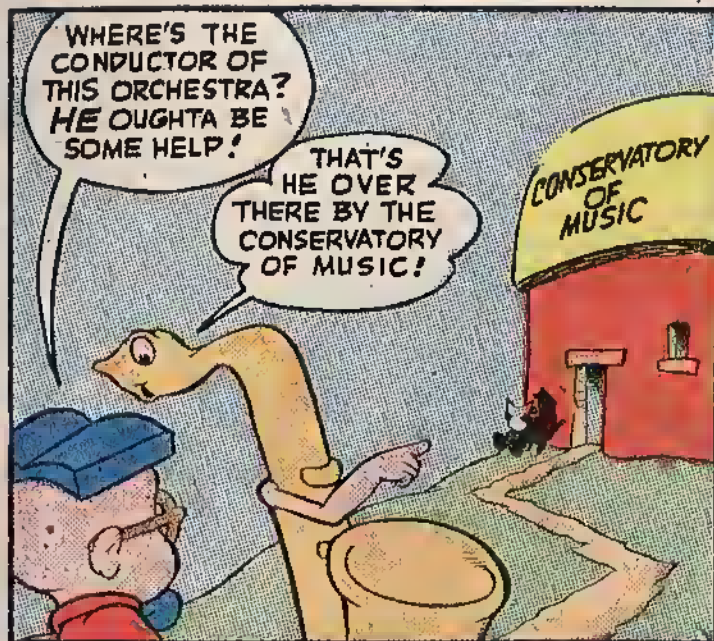
YES, I DON'T WANT EVER TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



WHATEVER YOU SAY, MISS CRANMER!

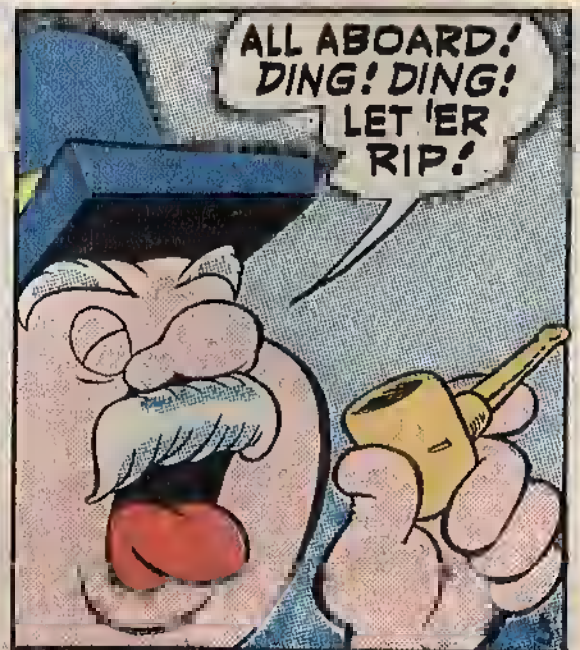
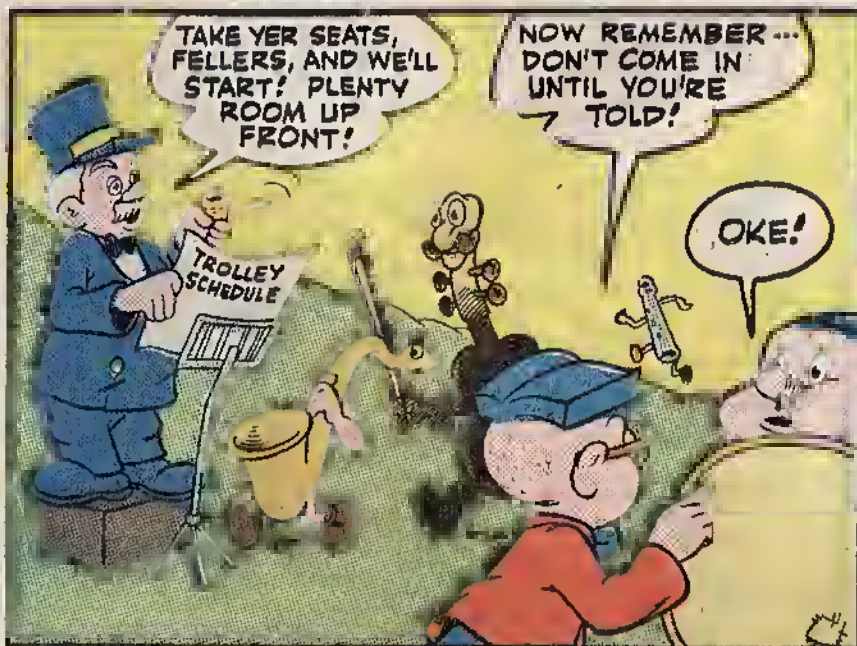
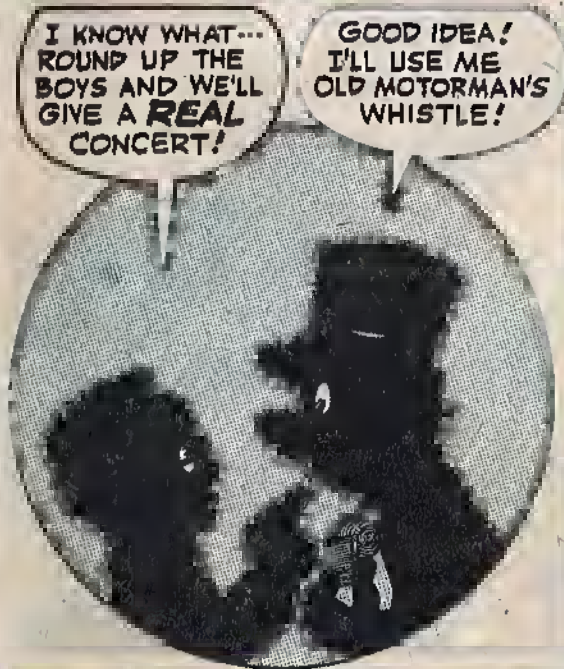
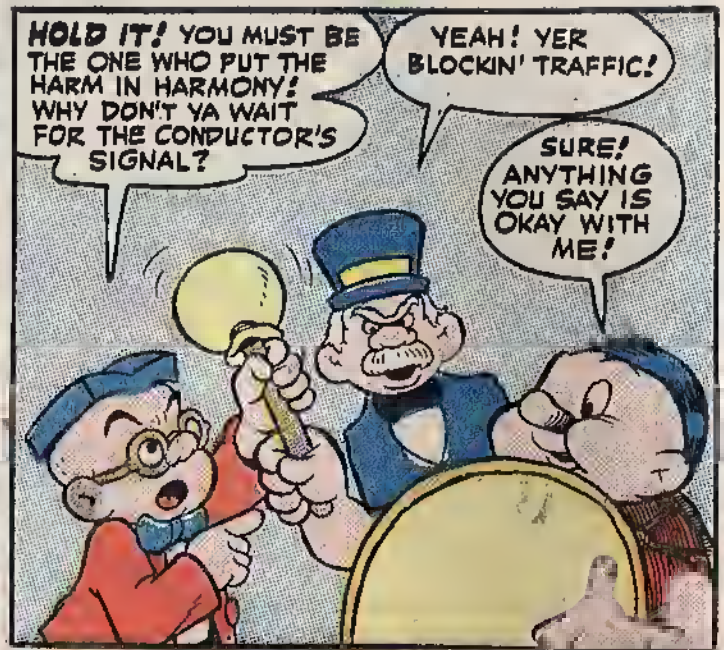
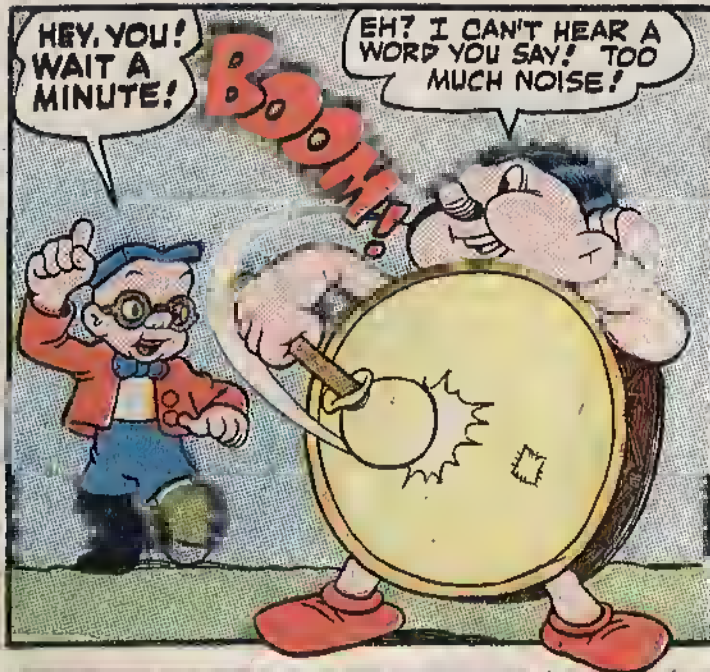
OH-OH! IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE RAOUL ISN'T AS SOLID WITH THE CRANMER DAME AS HE TOLD US!





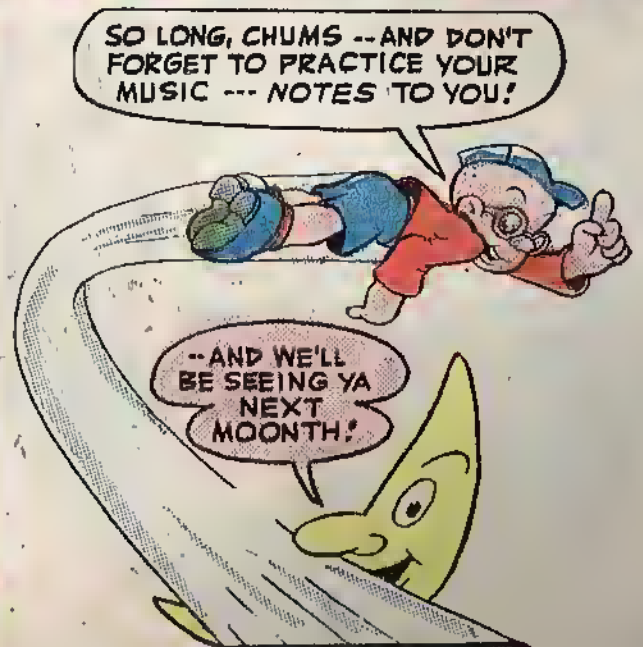
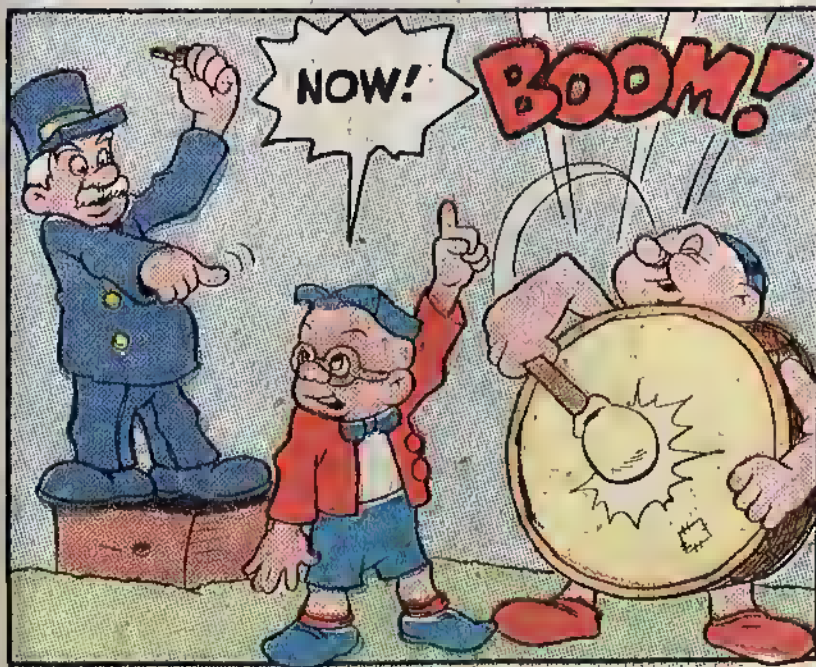
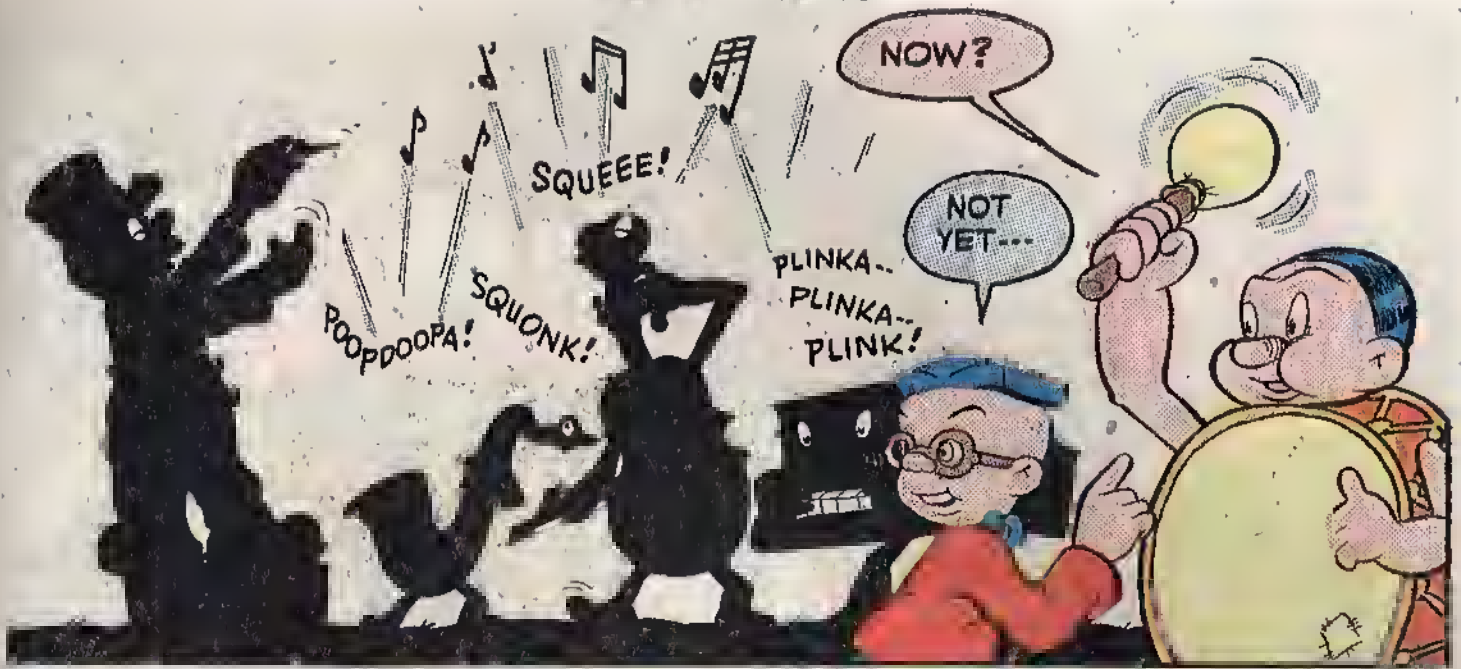


FEATURE COMICS



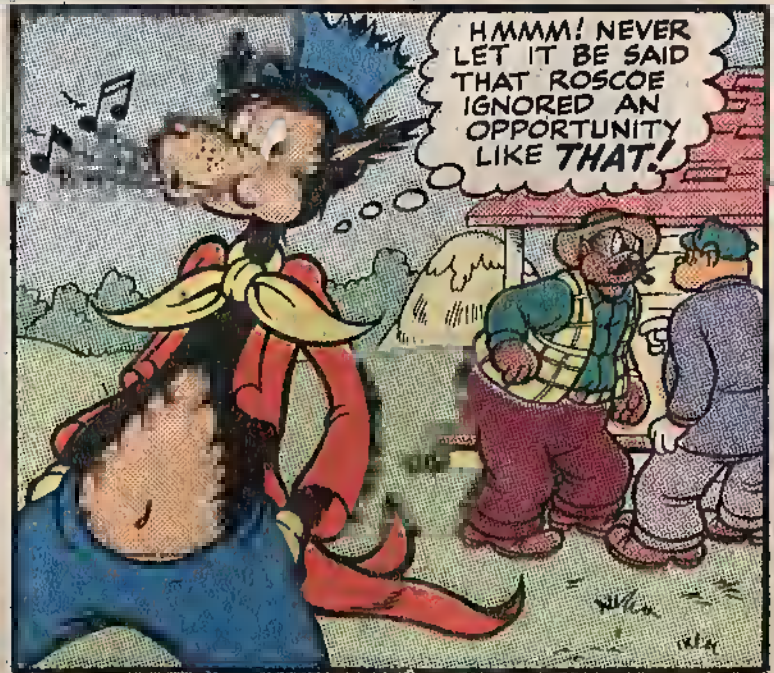
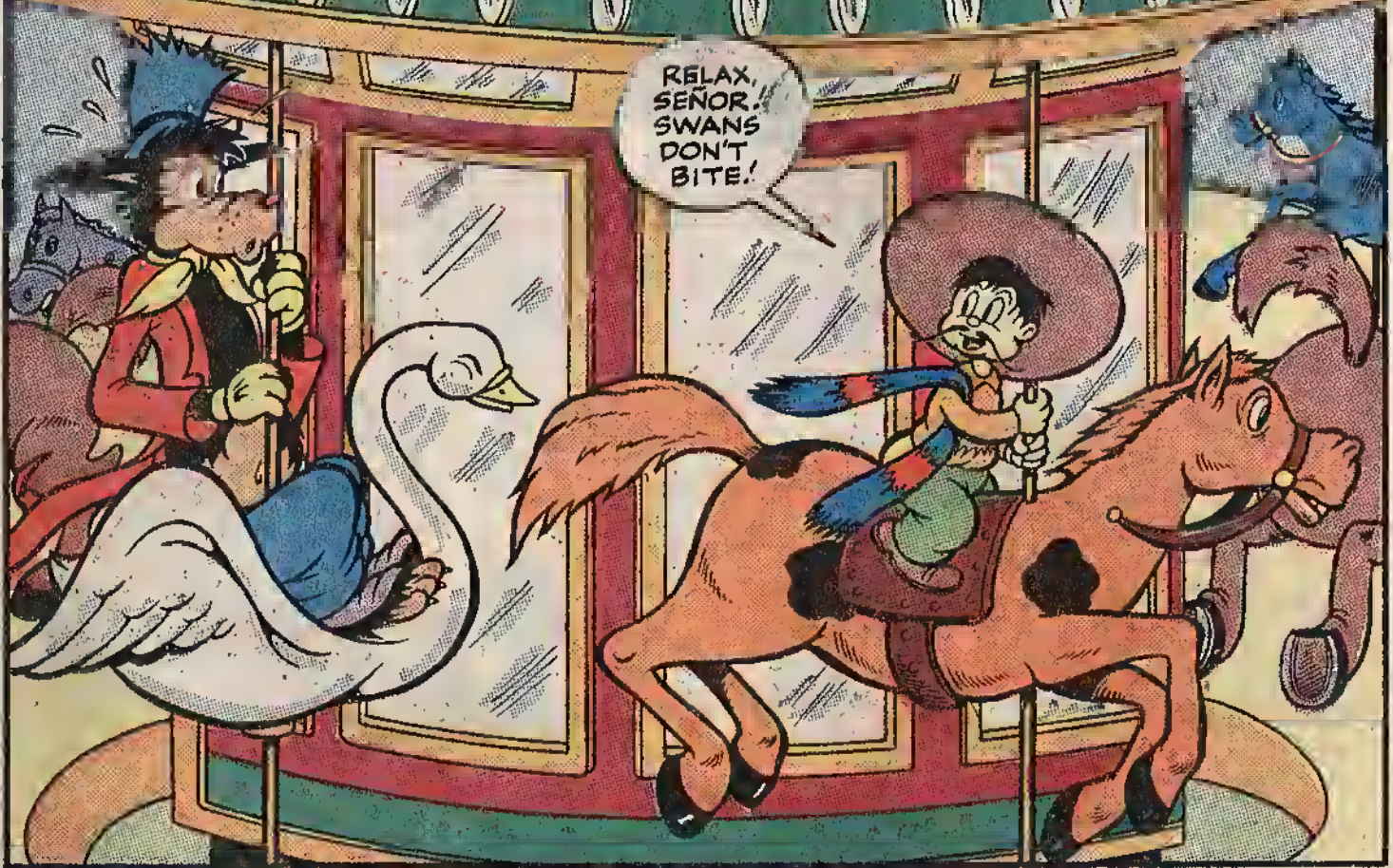


FEATURE COMICS





# ROSCOE





Later...

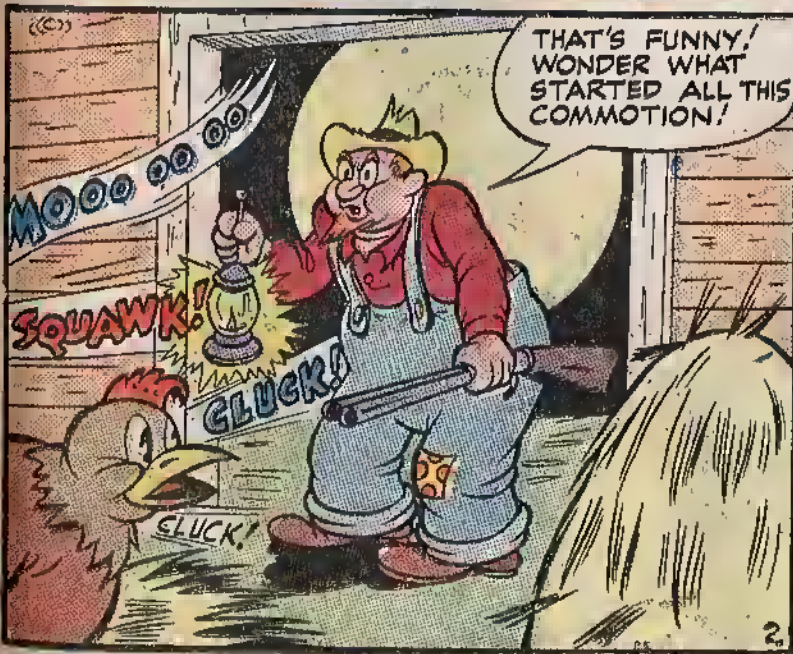
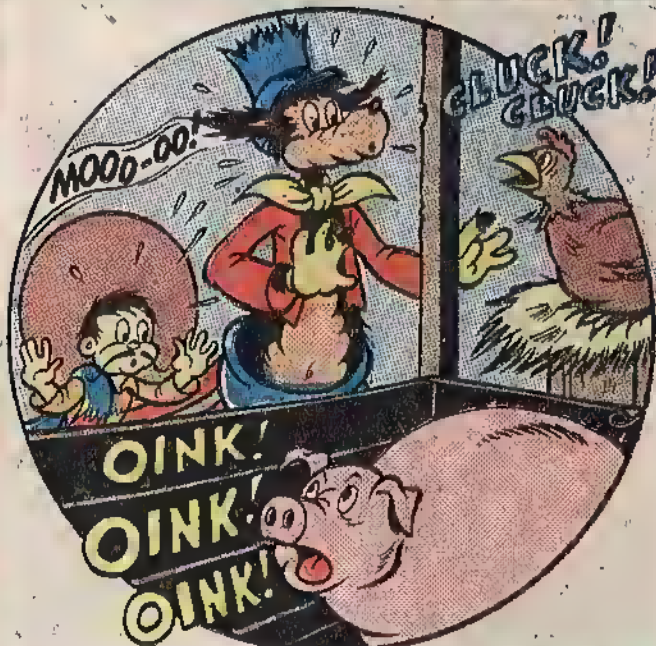
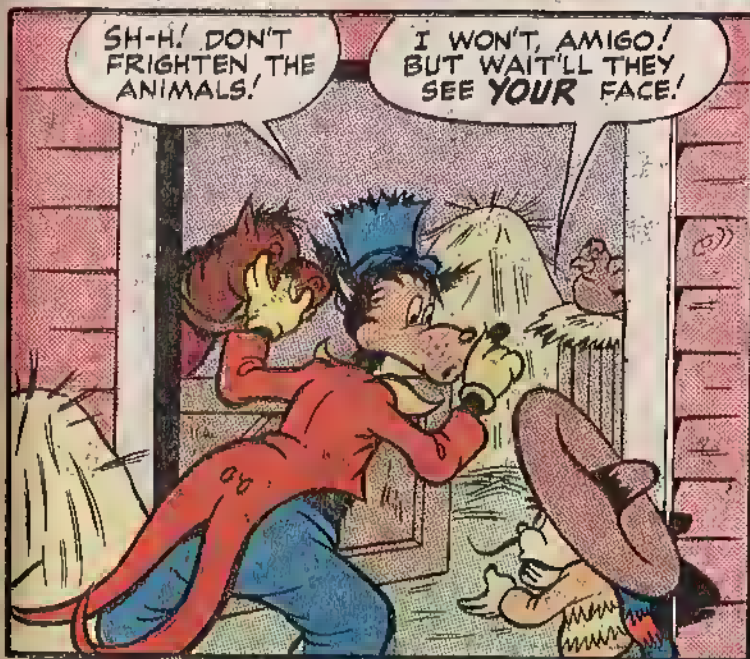
BUT, SENOR YOU **KNOW** WE ALWAYS GET BURNED FINGERS WHEN WE FOLLOW UP ONE OF YOUR HOT TIPS!

DON'T BE SILLY, EL POPO! THIS HOT TIP MEANS COLD CASH!



SH-H! DON'T FRIGHTEN THE ANIMALS!

I WON'T, AMIGO! BUT WAIT'LL THEY SEE **YOUR** FACE!

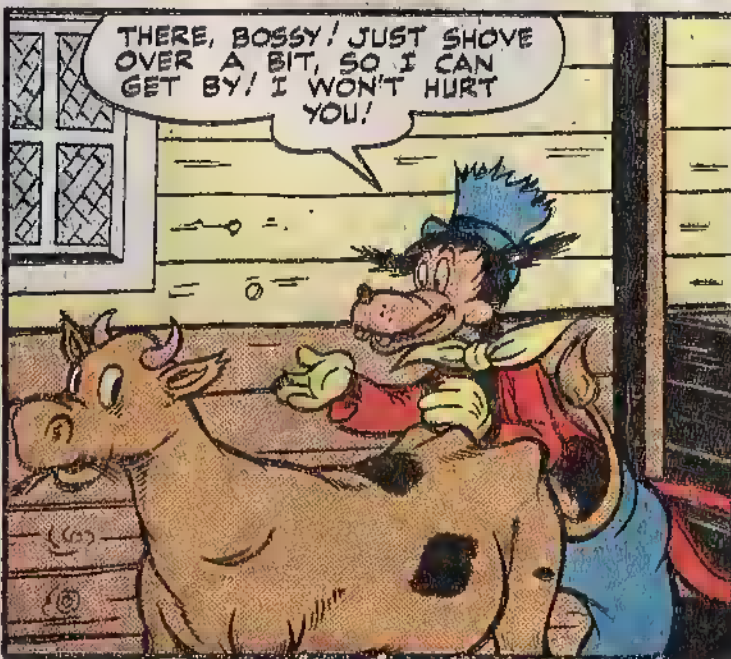
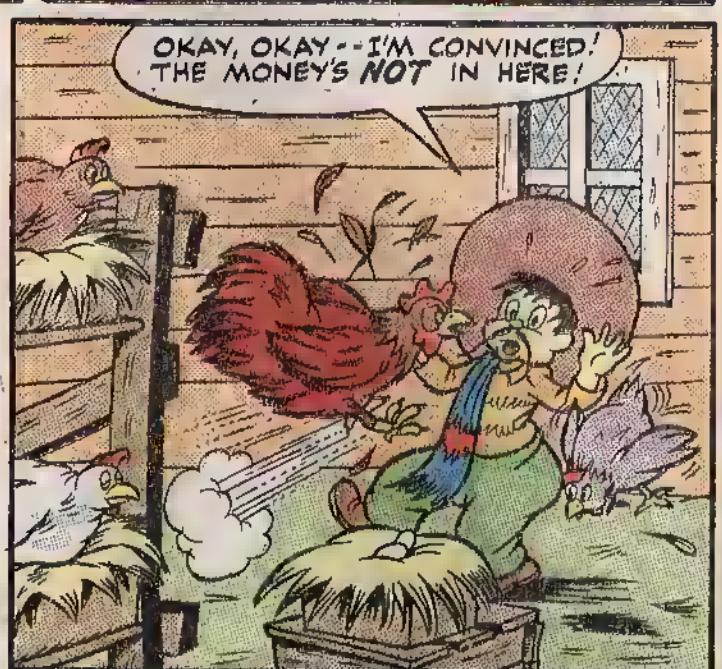
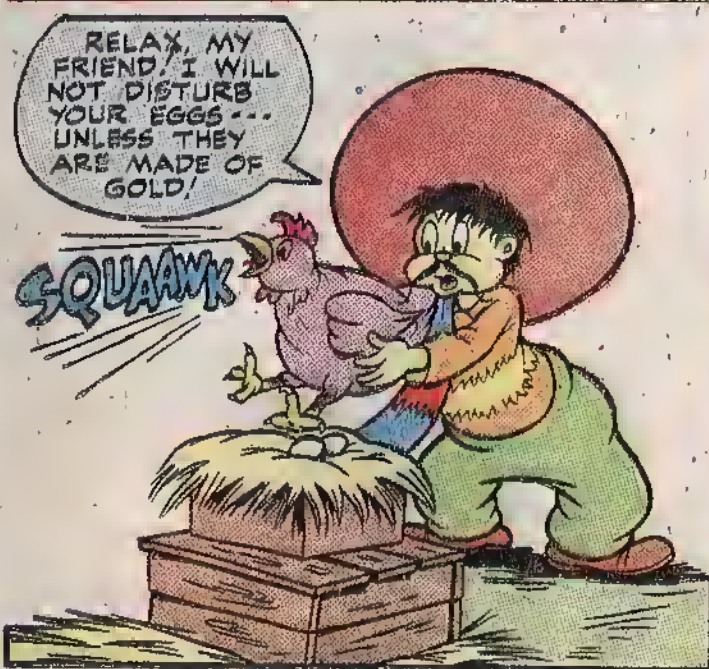
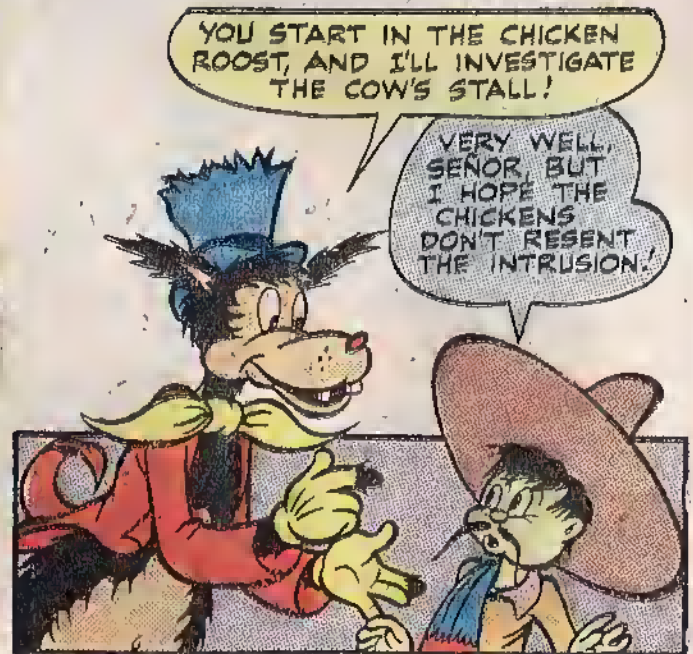
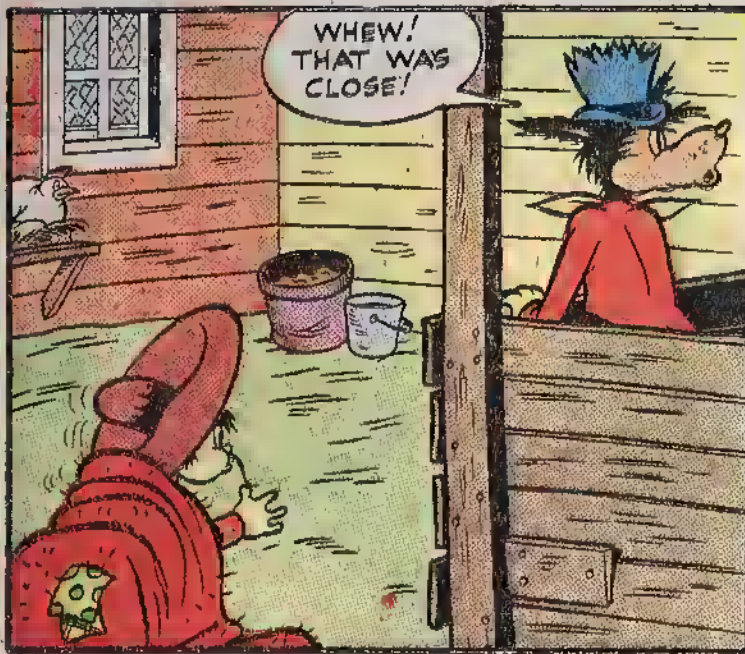


THAT'S FUNNY! WONDER WHAT STARTED ALL THIS COMMOTION!

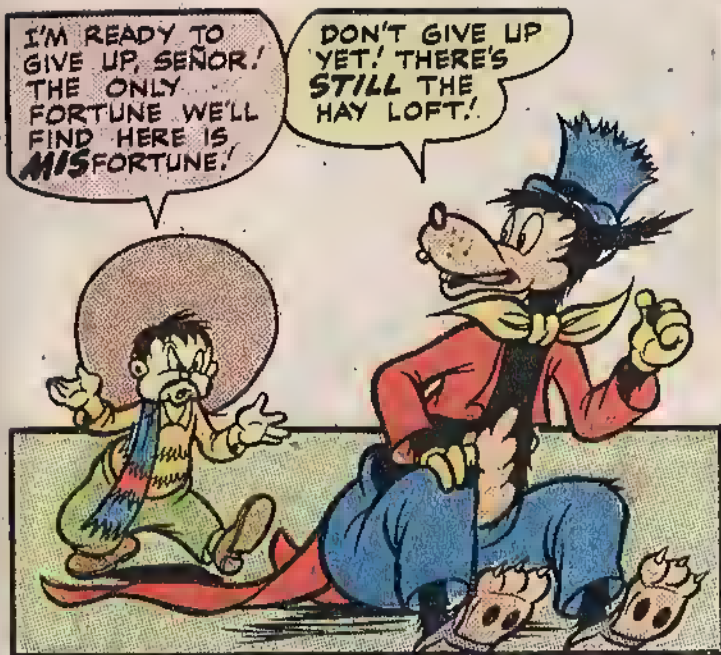
MUST HAVE BEEN A MOUSE OR SOMETHING! S'ALL QUIET NOW!





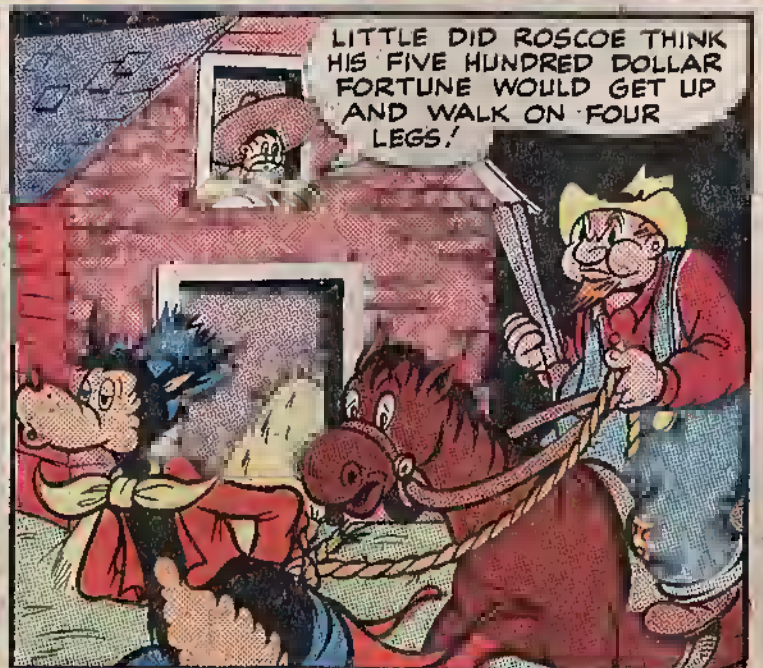
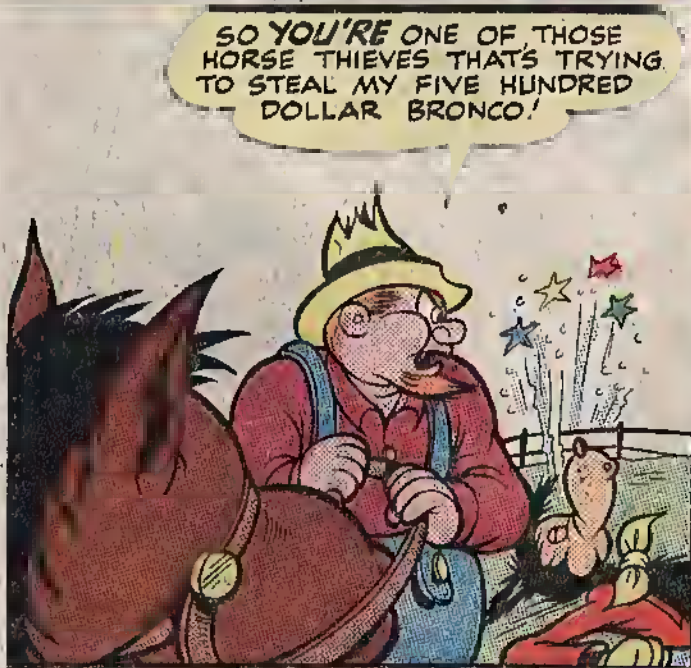
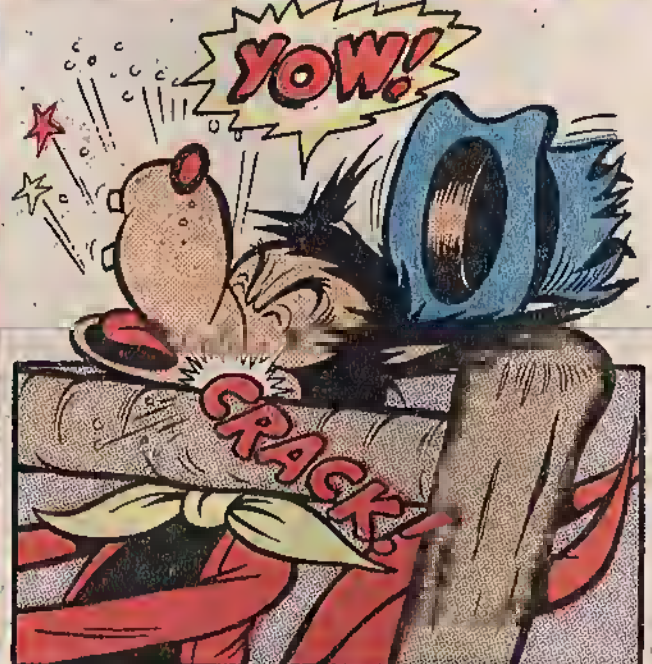
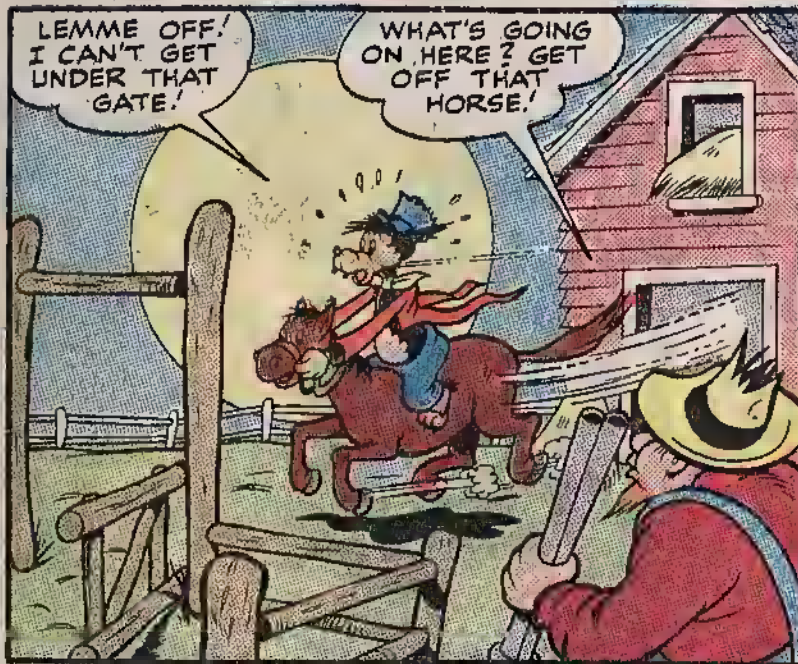
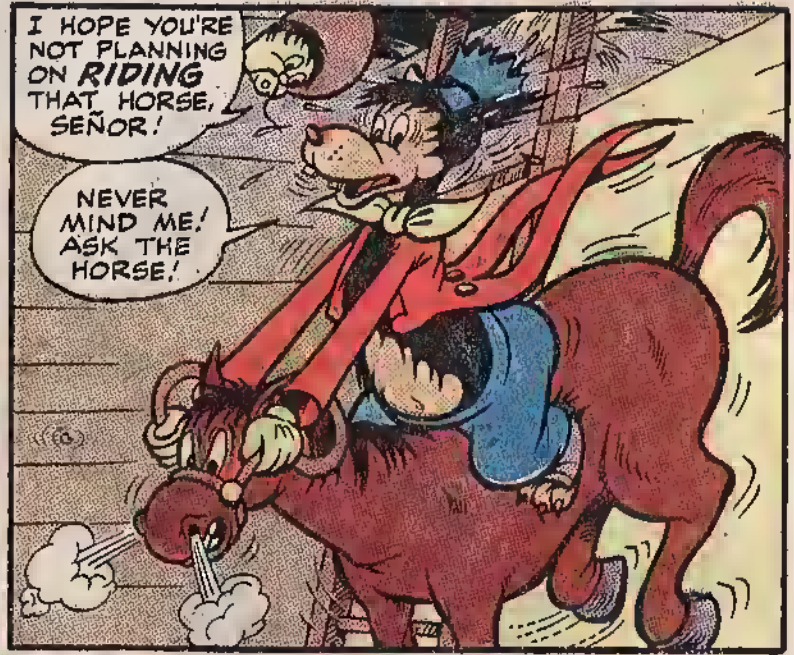








FEATURE COMICS





# Poison Ivy

I'VE BEEN WAITING A WHOLE MONTH FOR IT TO COME TO THIS THEATRE!

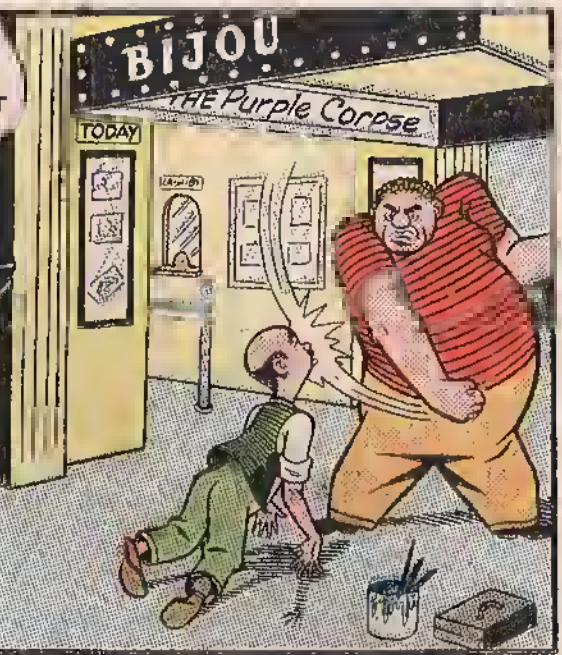
OH, BOY! I GOT A QUARTER FOR MOVING MRS. PINCHPENNY'S PIANO... NOW I CAN AFFORD TO SEE TH' SWELL MYSTERY PICTURE AT TH' BIJOU!

HEY, THAT BIG BULLY'S BEATING UP THAT POOR LI'L GUY! I DON'T GO FOR THAT!

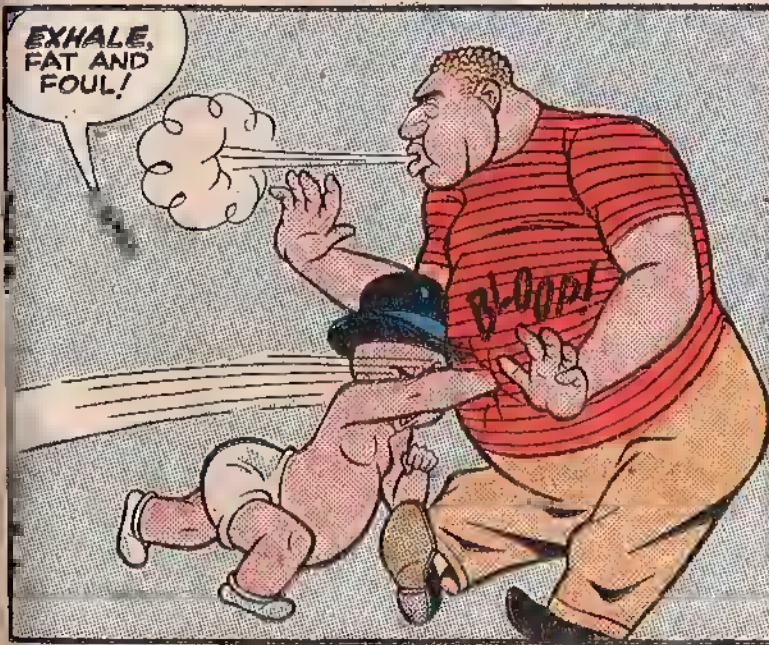
BIJOU

THE Purple Corpse

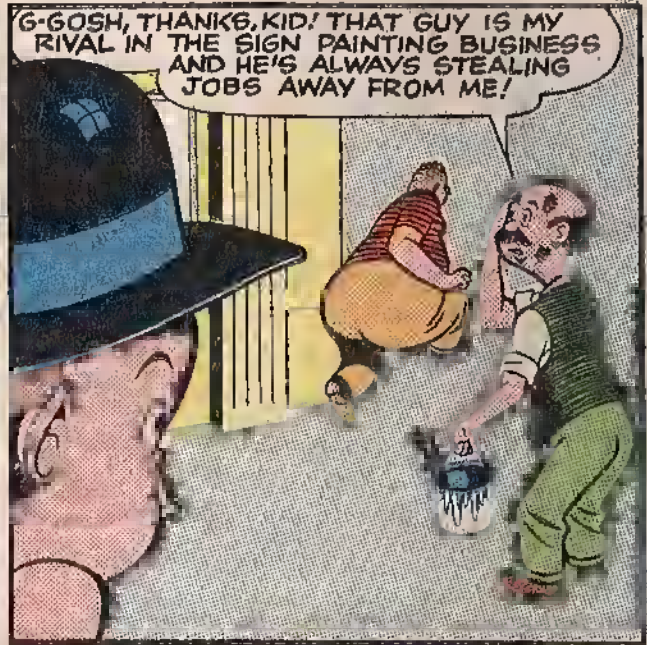
TODAY



EXHALE, FAT AND FOUL!

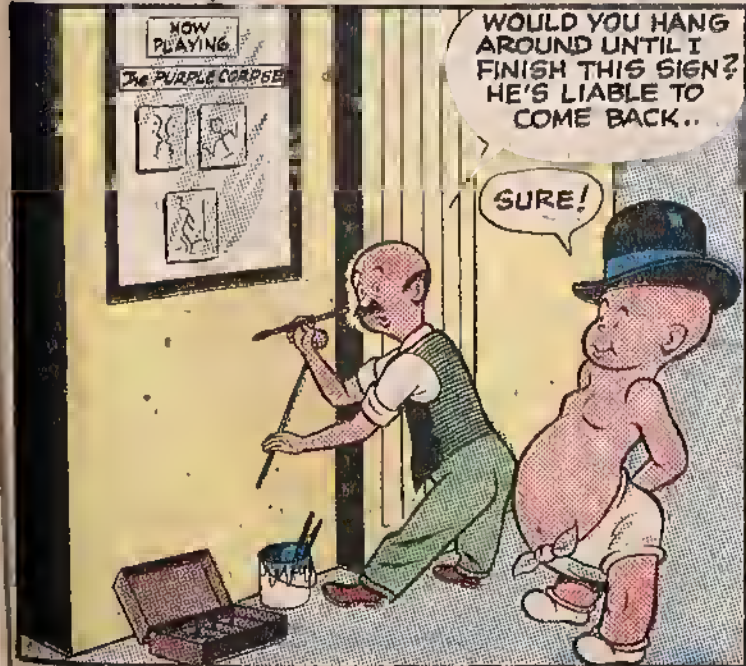


G-GOSH, THANKS, KID! THAT GUY IS MY RIVAL IN THE SIGN PAINTING BUSINESS AND HE'S ALWAYS STEALING JOBS AWAY FROM ME!

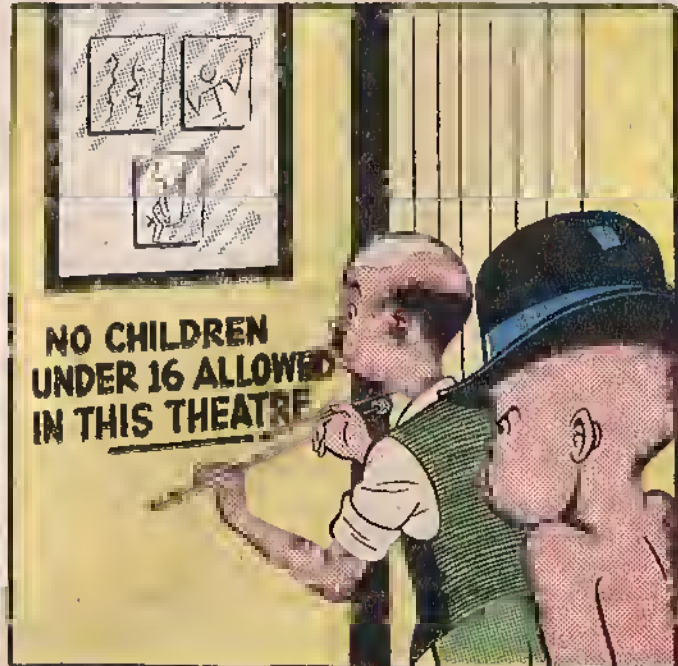


WOULD YOU HANG AROUND UNTIL I FINISH THIS SIGN? HE'S LIABLE TO COME BACK..

SURE!



NO CHILDREN UNDER 16 ALLOWED IN THIS THEATRE





# The FIVE MARVELS

THE bright idea was born in a war plant. To be exact, five young fellows working in an aircraft engineering plant, out of jobs when the war ceased, cast about for something lucrative to do. They had been accustomed for three years to earning big wages.

What was there to do now, on the outside, as it were? Their type of work, entailing as it did special engineering procedures, was washed up with peace. Few factories hired such employees.

"I tell you," said Jones, "we're out of luck. That's what we get for specializing in a racket that's only good in war."

Smith said, "Yeah, I thought of that when I started in studying this crazy stuff. We're out!"

Brown nodded his gloomy agreement. "Yes, I guess we're just five lost ginks now that peace has come."

"Oh, well," sighed Black, "I for one am glad the darn war is over. If Germany hadn't fallen when she did, I'd have been in those front lines. Mebbe our jobs aren't good now; but they kept us on velvet while the ruckus lasted."

The fifth member of the ousted group hadn't said anything up to now. White was his name. And in case you're wondering why these five guys are named as they are, just keep wondering because we aren't going to tip off their real names. Not yet.

Now White spoke: "It just happens that I have an idea, fellows. You remember I did a lot of special work on hearing aids—engineering data."

The other four nodded. "So what?"

White waved a languid hand. "Mebbe there's an idea hatching around in my bright bonnet. Listen, you muggs, and I'll let you in on a little secret."

And for the next twenty minutes White talked and the four others sat spellbound,

saying nothing, only listening to their comrade reveal a plan of strategy that left them groggy.

"Well, what do you thick heads think of my idea?" asked White, grinning.

Cheers greeted him. "It's great, White! When do we start?"

"I'll get the stuff this afternoon and we can practice this evening." White got up and yawned. "Meet you all at Joe's."

The five parted.

That evening they all met again at Joe's, where there was a back room, almost sound-proof. For two hours they practiced with the gadgets that White brought with him. Then again they parted, promising to foregather at a certain big radio broadcasting station the following evening.

"I'll arrange with the chaps at the station. We can get on the program okay," said White, waving a parting hand.

The next night five young men sat in the vast audience where a quiz show was to take place. Each of them wore a piece of equipment that they figured would make them pretty hot with the answers.

Brown was called first. When the wave of cheering fell off, the quiz man began firing questions. Brown got the first two rapidly, being a fairly sharp lad. The third stumped him momentarily.

"Quiet, please," the quiz man warned the audience. "Let's give him a fair chance."

Brown gave the right answer. He was handed \$100 and left the stage amid a blaze of hand-clapping.

It was Jones' turn next. He missed the first question, but got the next two correctly. The quiz man gave him an additional break. If Jones could answer the next question, the amount would be doubled. It was asked.

"Would you repeat it again, sir?" asked Jones.

The quiz expert complied. Jones paused



## FEATURE COMICS

only a moment, and came out with the right answer. The applause was deafening.

Jones stepped down from the stage with \$250 in his fist and a fat grin on his fat face.

Black was next called to the stage.

The questions and answers were given with fair rapidity. Black got them all—plus \$100, and a round of clapping.

The other two, White and Smith, had their turns, each coming away with fine prizes. It had been a most successful evening.

"What did I tell you?" asked White when they had all gathered at Joe's. "Was that a brain-wave, or was it a brain-wave?"

"You're a marvel!" cried Jones. "It's like taking candy from a kid. Boy, how we'll whizz 'em from here on in!"

Brown grinned. "Boys," he said, "do you realize that we can make the rounds coast to coast on this honey of a deal?"

The back room at Joe's shook with hurrahs, and White was toasted like a King.

The five lads made the rounds in New York, then took a plane for Minneapolis, where three big quiz shows were in progress.

Soon they were in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta.

The newspapers began running stories about the five boys who knew it all. The five ex-war workers who couldn't be stuck. The answer-it-all kids.

Perry Scott hadn't attended any of the broadcasts where the five marvels had done their answer magic, but he read some of the stories.

"Hm," he said; "they sure must be good. I guess even better than the Quiz Kids. More power to 'em. I'd like to see 'em in action."

But the chance didn't come for some time. The Five Marvels, making thousands of dollars every week, were flitting about the country now like jumping jacks.

"Think it's better if we don't stay too long in one place," advised White. "Someone might get snoopy."

Thus they skimmed the cream off the better quiz shows over the country. It made no difference what the transportation cost; they were making plenty of money.

"Boy," sang Brown, "does this ever beat engineering procedures writing!"

Back in New York after a fat seven months of chasing about the country, the boys were waiting for a particularly high-paying quiz show that was to come off in a week.

One evening Perry was eating in a little restaurant off Times Square. In the next booth he heard two men talking. At first he didn't listen, then his ear caught something that made him stop feeding his face. His eyes glowed.

"So that's it," he said to himself. "I might've known . . . well, maybe I'll break up this racket!"

Perry went to see a certain captain of detectives and told him the story of what he'd heard.

"Now you have several of your boys at the entrance of the radio station tonight. This is the opening night and they'll be there. Do just as I say, and we'll have some fun."

The five boys never appeared all together. They arrived at broadcasts singly. They had long since begun changing their names, just to allay suspicion.

Brown arrived first. Two men stepped to either side of him and whispered in his ear. They quickly removed something from his head and pocketed it.

"Get moving," one ordered. "And get up on stage when your name's called. We'll be watching!"

The other four were caught and given the same treatment. The show started a few minutes after the five lads, with a man on either side of him, were seated.

The first one was called. On stage he was a sad flop. This was a tough quiz, and for some strange reason he fell down miserably. The same thing happened to all of them.

Later Perry Scott explained.

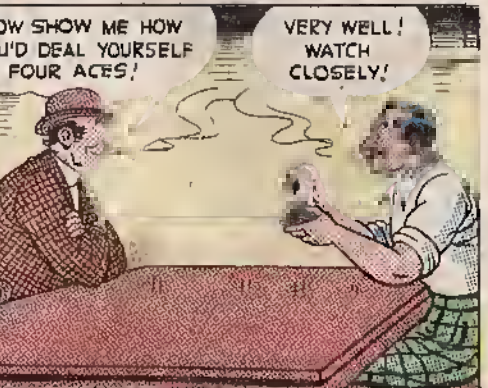
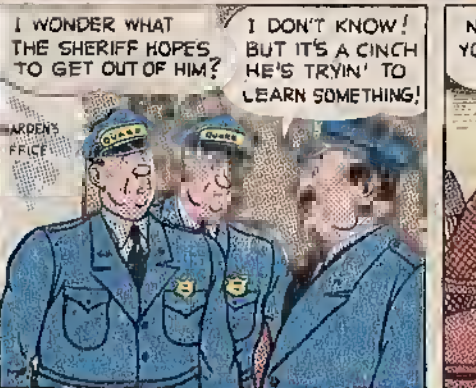
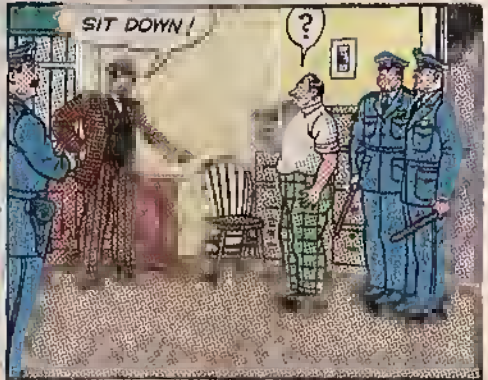
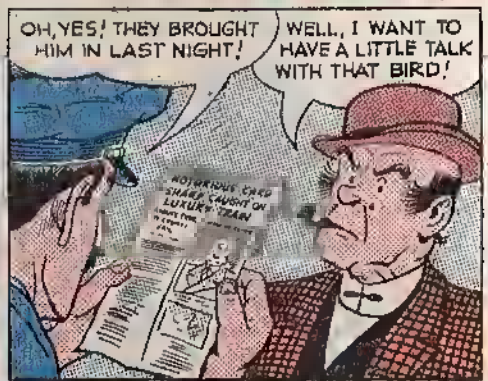
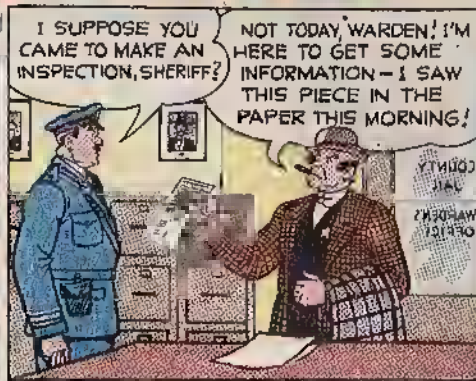
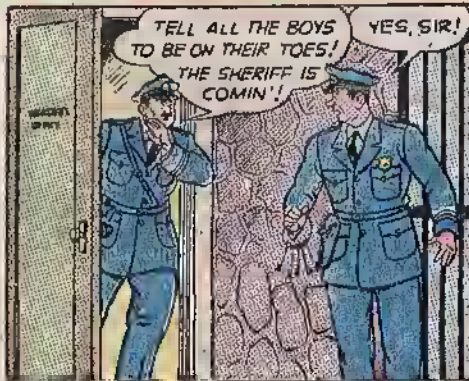
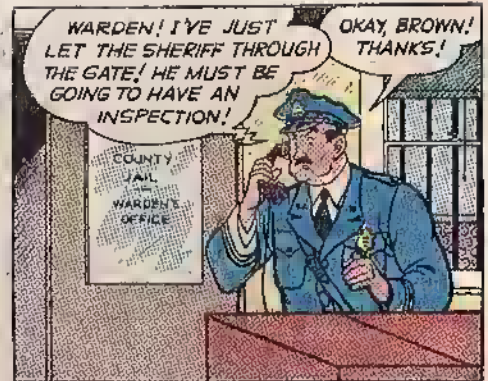
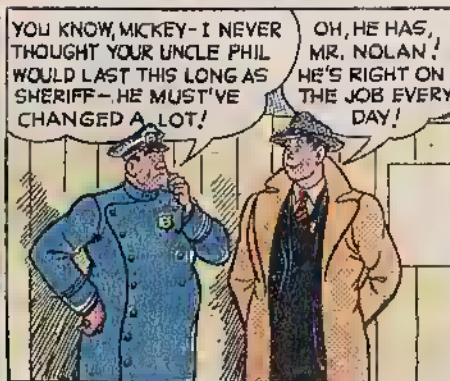
"These five fellows," he said, "are cheats. They have discovered that, at all quiz shows, people in the audience are prone to whisper the answers, even though the quiz master cautions against it. Well, these lads found that, by wearing high-powered hearing aids, they could hear the slightest whisper far back in every audience. Do you wonder that they got all the answers?"



# FEATURE COMICS

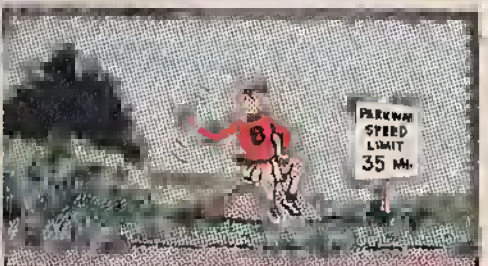
## MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

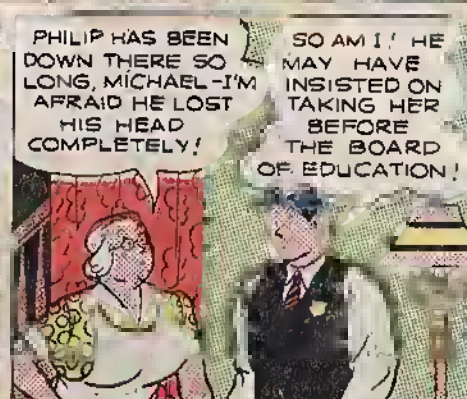
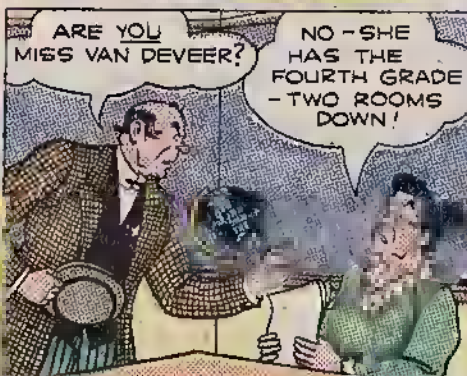
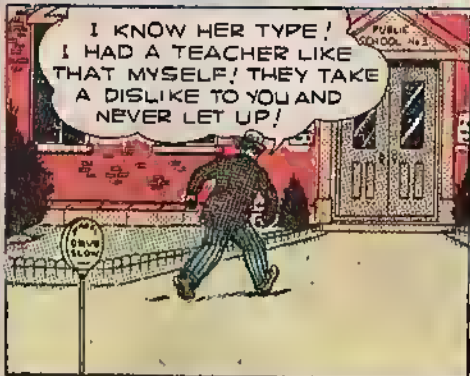
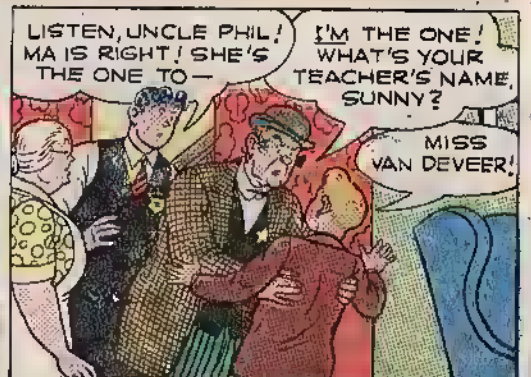
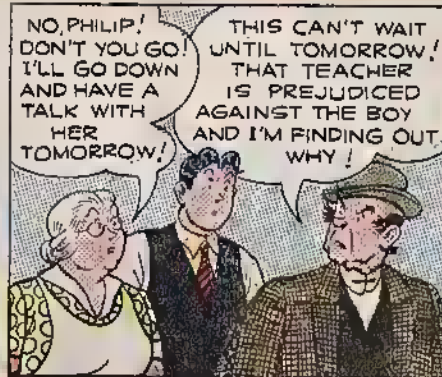
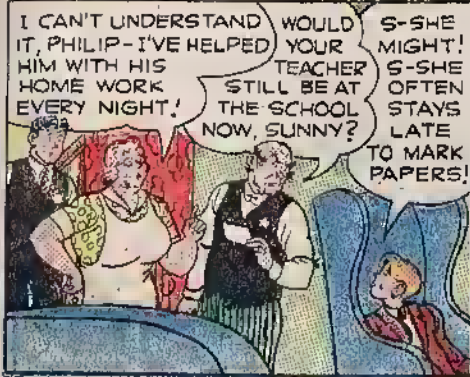
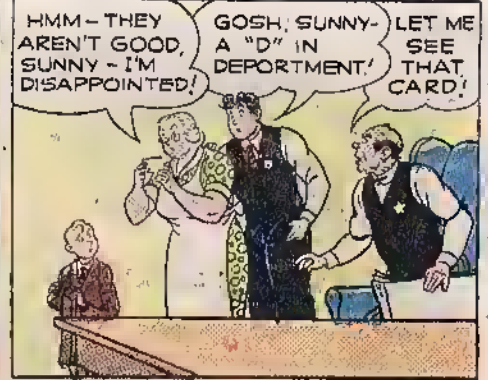
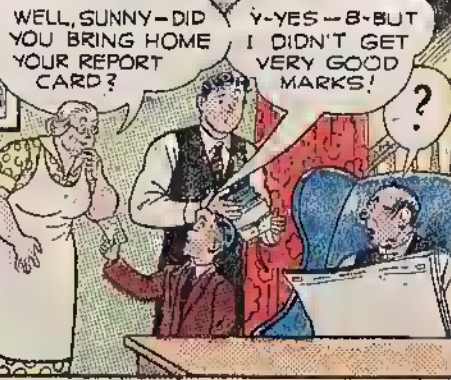




# FEATURE COMICS

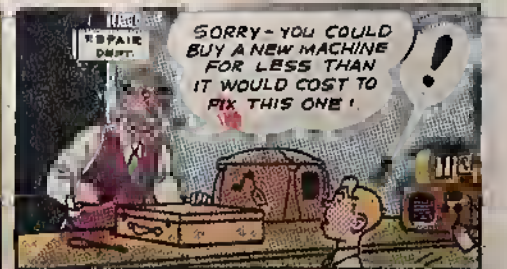
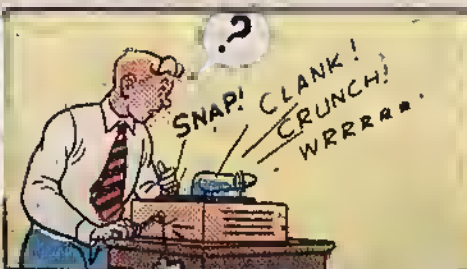
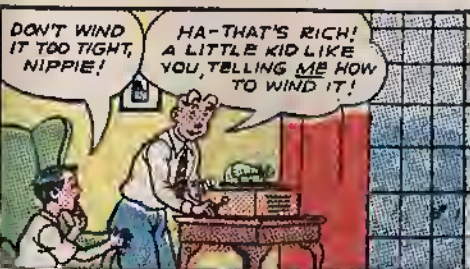
## MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

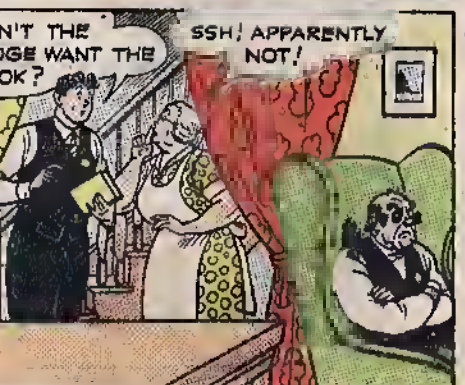
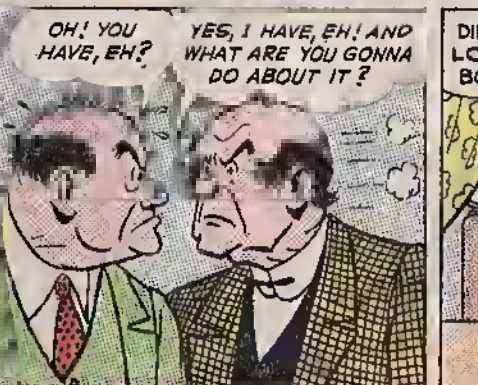
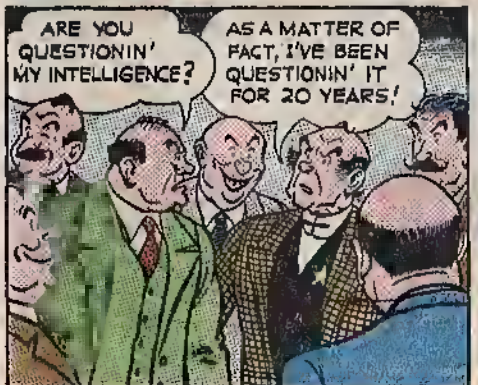
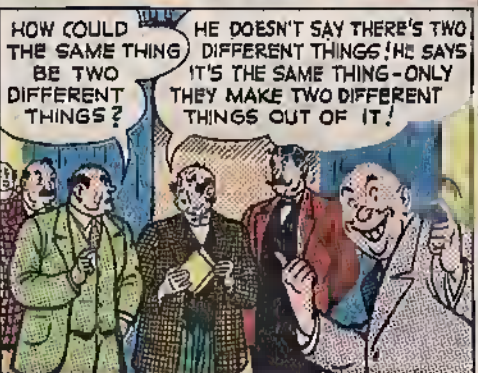
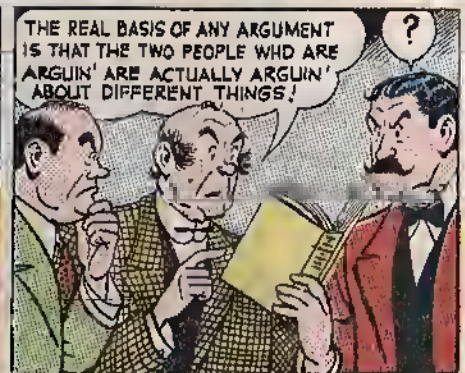
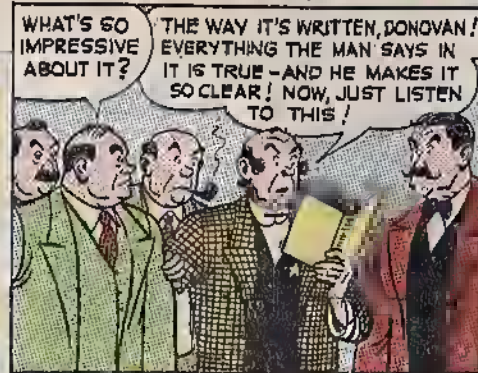
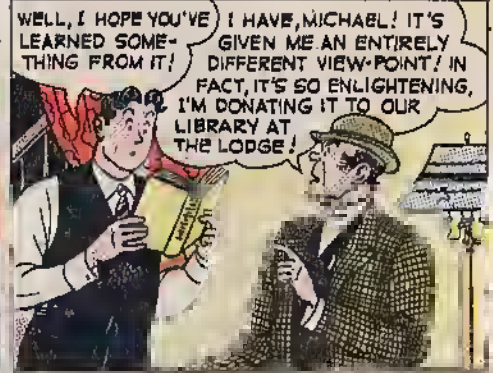
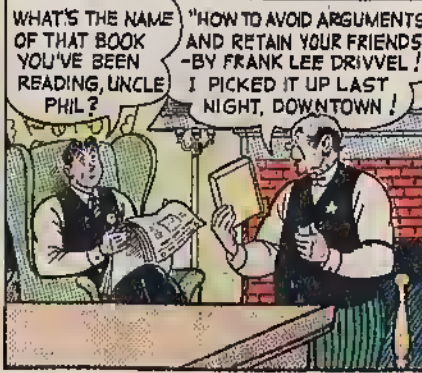




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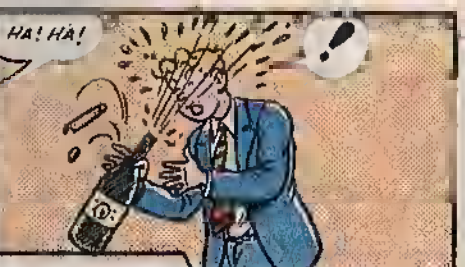
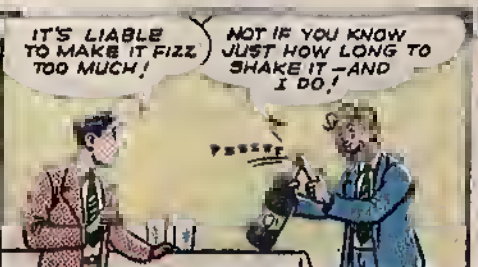
## MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard





# FEATURE COMICS

## MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

WELL, MICKEY-DO YOU REALIZE THAT PHIL WILL SOON HAVE BEEN SHERIFF FOR ONE WHOLE YEAR?

YES, SERGEANT! HIS FRIENDS ARE GIVING HIM A DINNER AT HIS LODGE TONIGHT!

I WONDER HOW LONG HE WOULD HAVE LASTED IF WE HADN'T BEEN AROUND TO RUN THINGS?

NOT VERY LONG, I'M AFRAID!

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF HE'D HAD TO DEPEND ON THOSE NIT-WITS HE APPOINTED AS HIS DEPUTIES?

BOY-O-BOY! THEY SURE ARE CORKERS!

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE NIGHT HE RAIDED THAT RAT-POISON FACTORY-THINKING IT WAS A BOOTLEG LIQUOR STILL!

AND DRANK SOME OF THE POISON! WE CERTAINLY WERE LUCKY TO GET HIM OUT OF THAT!

AND WE WERE LUCKY THAT NIGHT AT THE BRICKLAYERS' BALL-McHOOEY'S THUGS WERE THERE TO GET HIM-AND GOOD!

THEY SURE WERE! AND HE HAD SAID HE DIDN'T NEED US THERE TO PROTECT HIM!

THEN THERE WAS THAT WIDOW WHO ALMOST HOOKEO HIM INTO PROTECTING HER GAMBLING HOUSE! WHAT A SCANDAL THAT WOULD HAVE MADE!

I'LL SAY! GEE-SUPPOSE YOU HADN'T CHECKED UP ON HER!

AND, MICKEY-SUPPOSE YOU HADN'T GONE WITH HIM TO GUARD CLARIBEL TITE'S ESTATE?

YEAH-HE SURE WOULD'VE GUMMED THAT UP!

I WONDER IF HE REALLY APPRECIATES ALL THAT WE'VE DONE FOR HIM?

I'D LIKE TO THINK HE DOES, SERGEANT-BUT-

BUT, UNCLE PHIL, WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO-AND-

NEVER MIND THE WORK! I WANT YOU BOTH OVER HERE!

PHIL FINN  
THE BEST SHERIFF  
WE EVER HAD!

I CAN KID THESE GUYS, SERGEANT-BUT I CAN'T KID MYSELF!

SHERIFF PHIL FINN  
HE STANDS FOR  
LAW AND ORDER!

## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

MY MOTHER DOESN'T WANT HIM TO PLAY WITH THAT POP GUN, NIPPIE!

AW-HE CAN'T DO ANY HARM WITH IT-AND IT'LL STOP HIM FROM CRYIN'!

SEE-HE'S STOPPED!

POP!



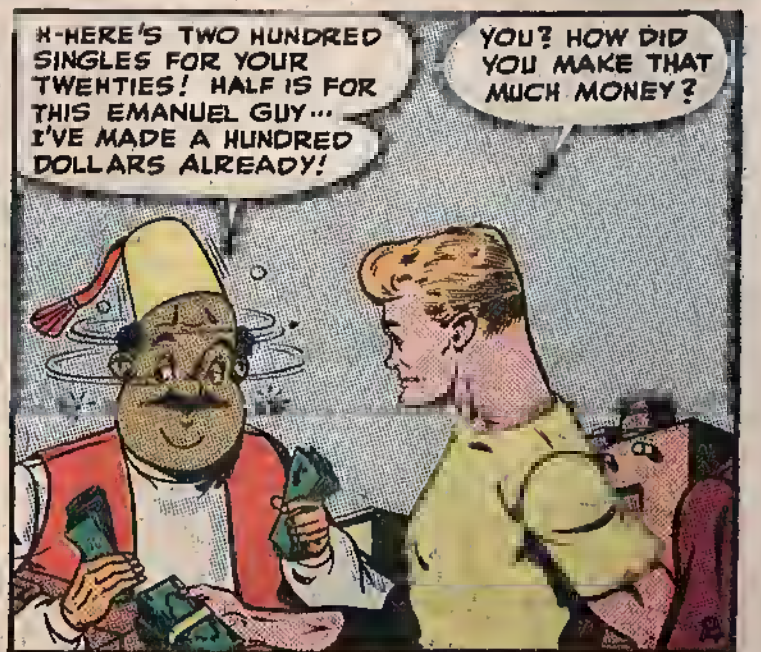
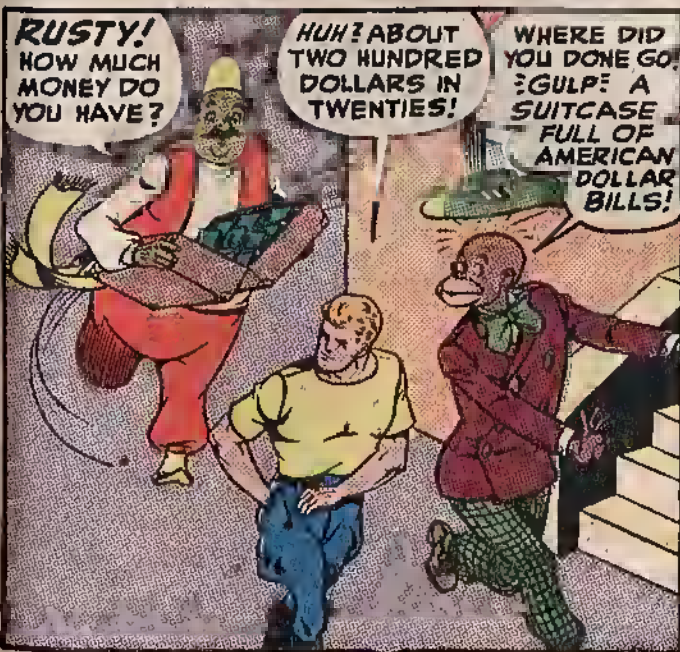
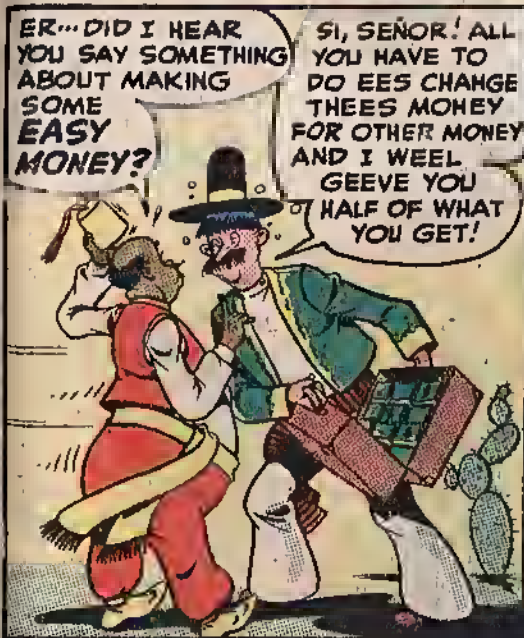
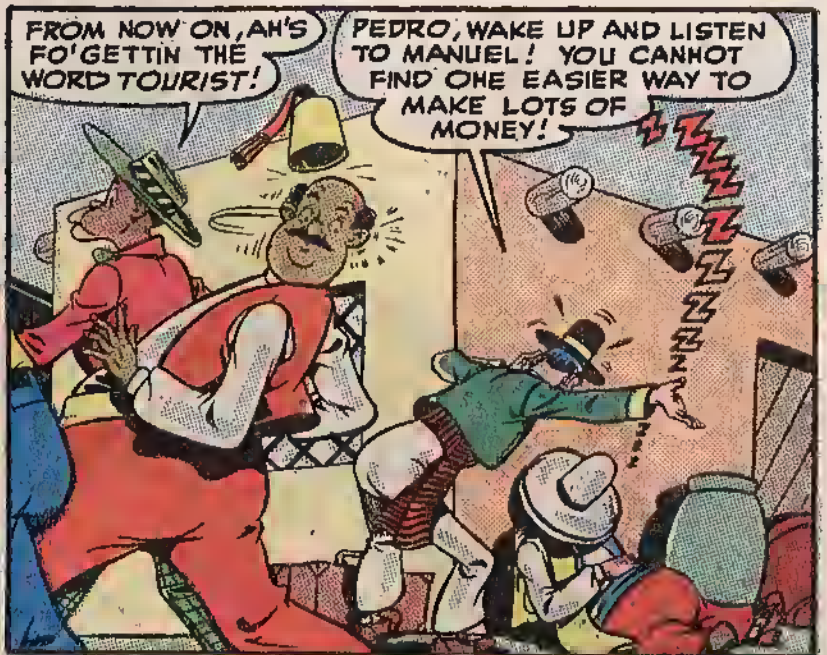
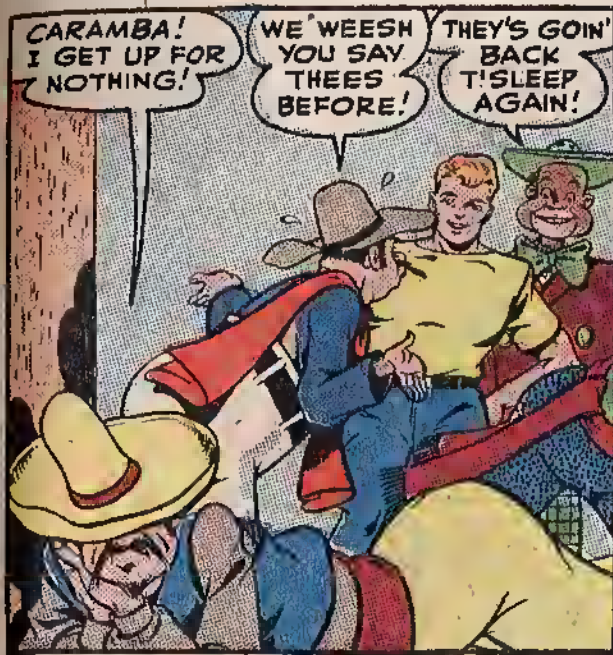
# Rusty RYAN

OR... the calamities of an adventurer... and a couple of SCREWBALLS!

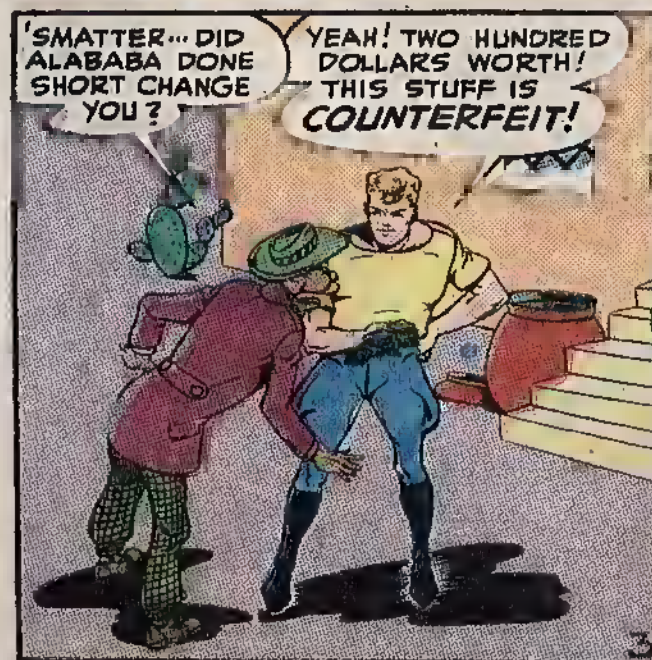
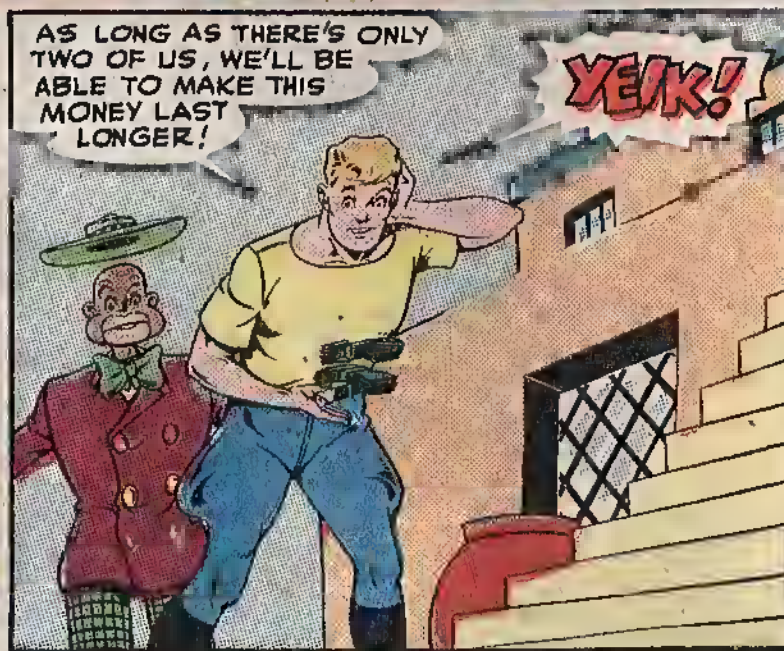
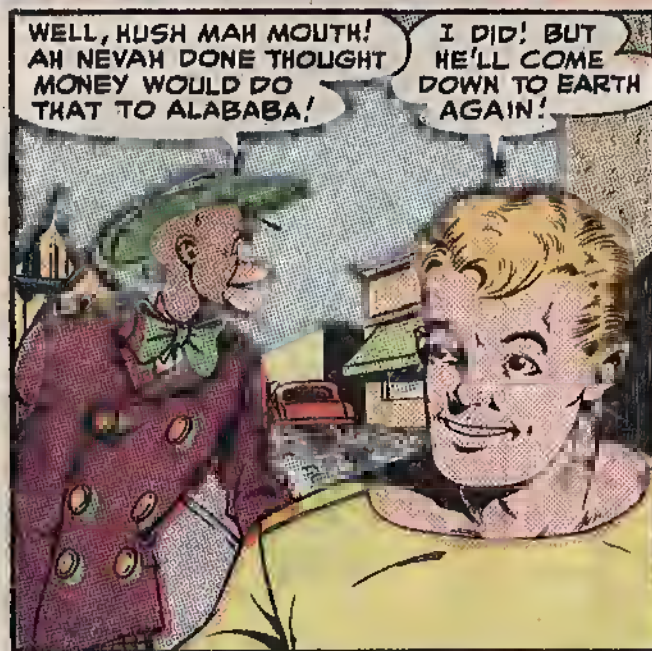
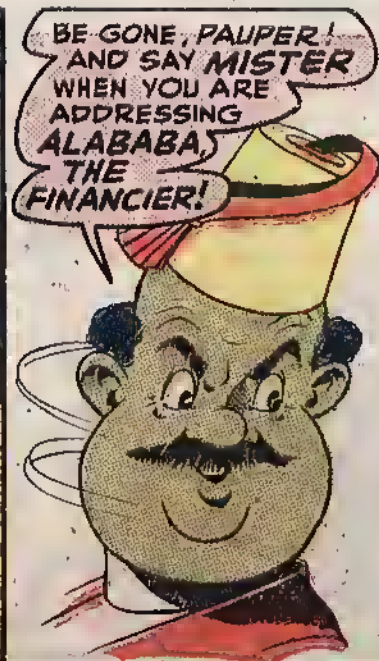




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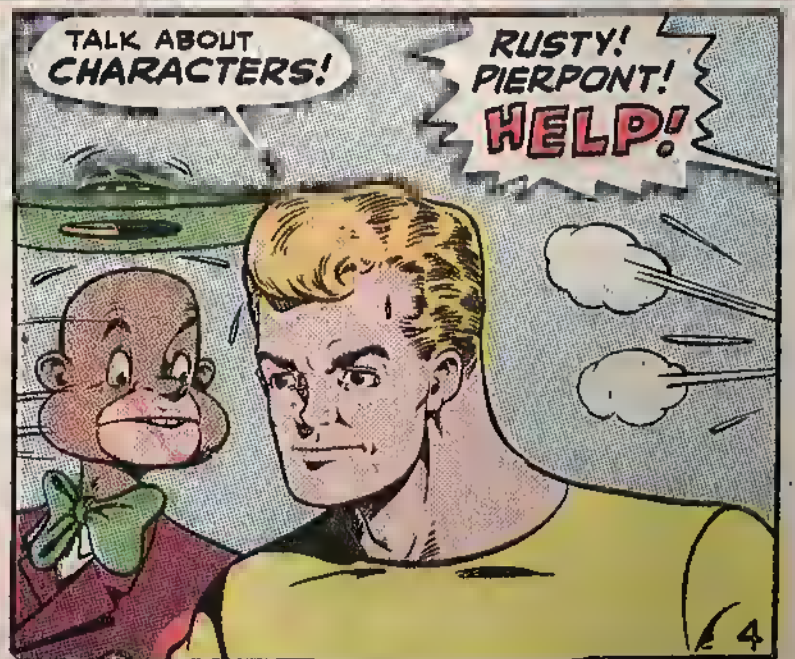
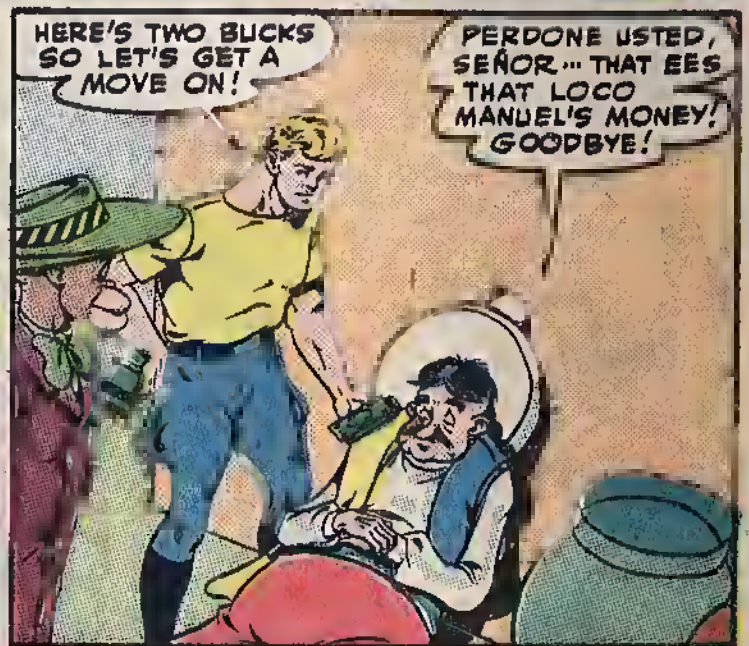
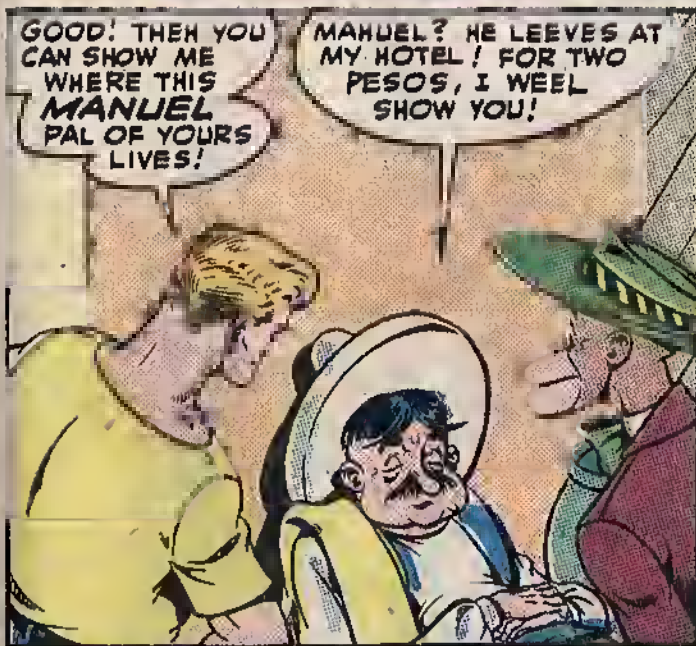
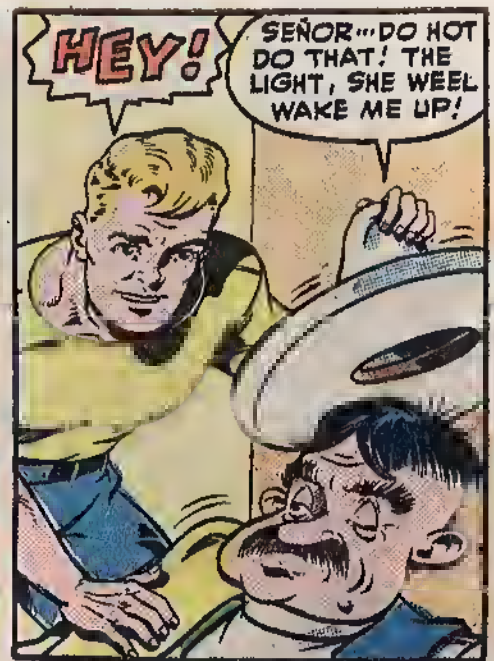
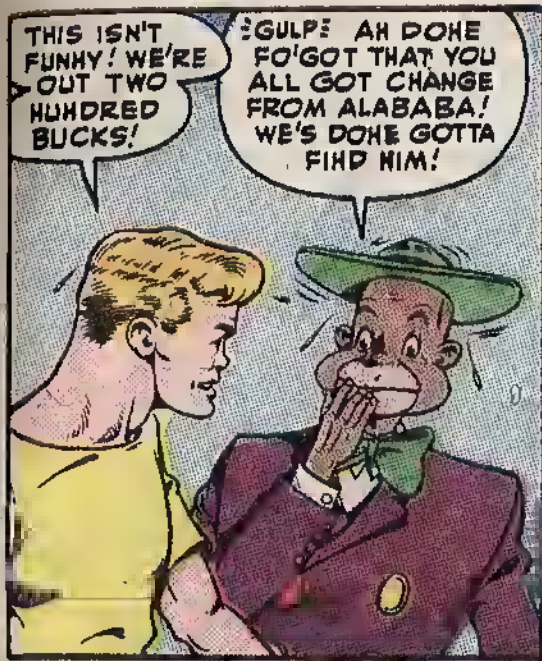






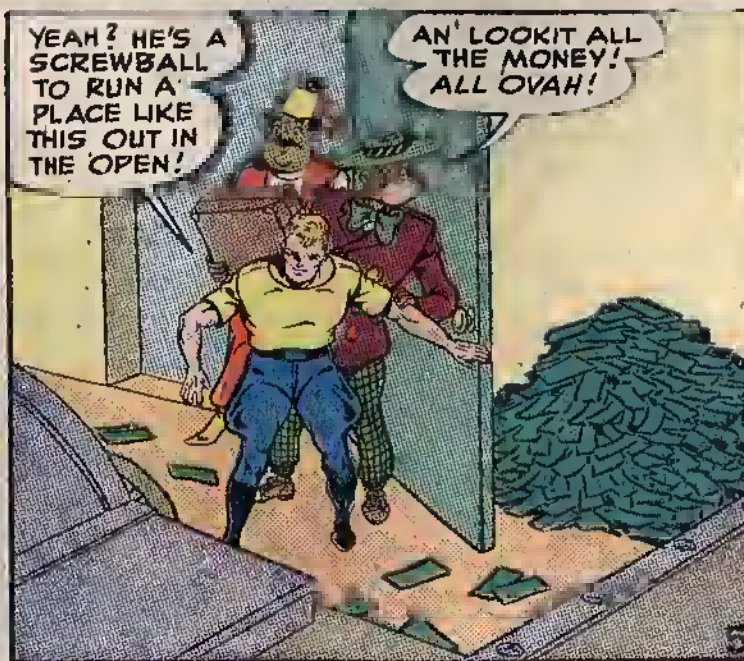
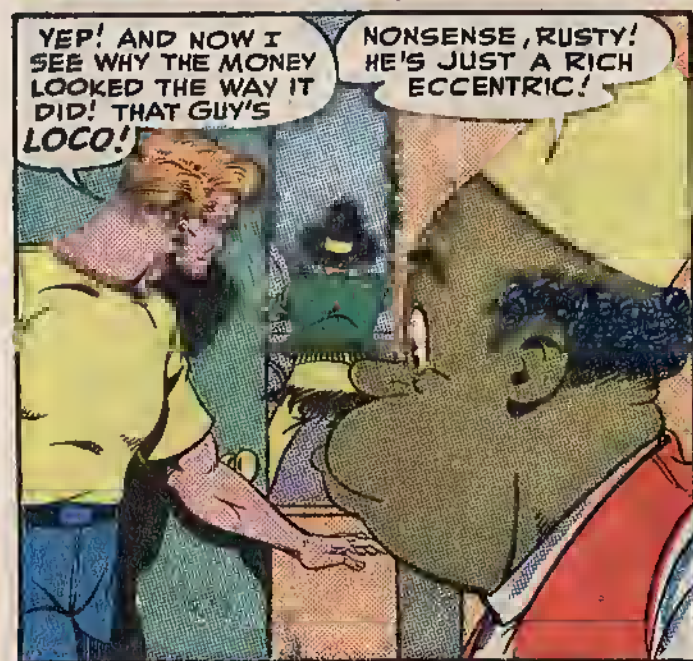
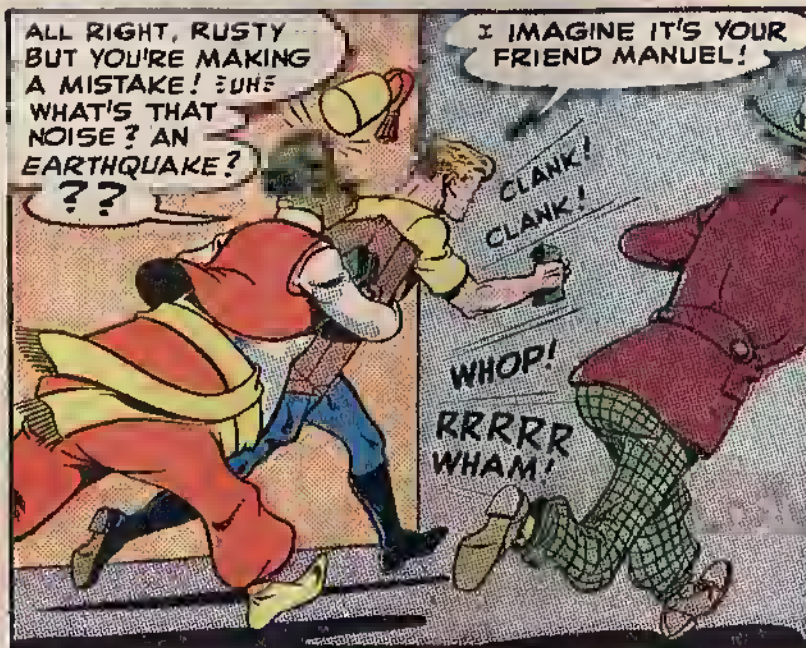
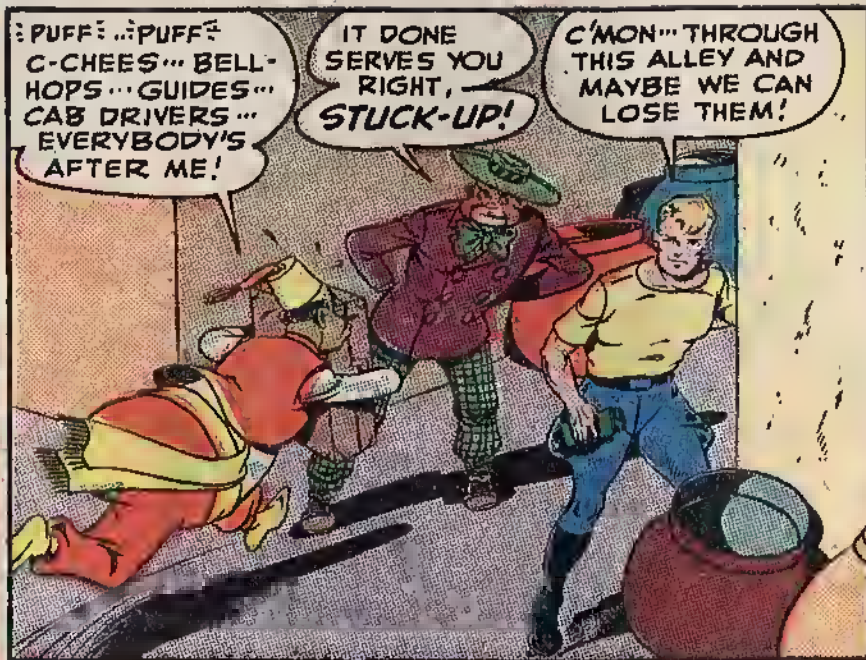
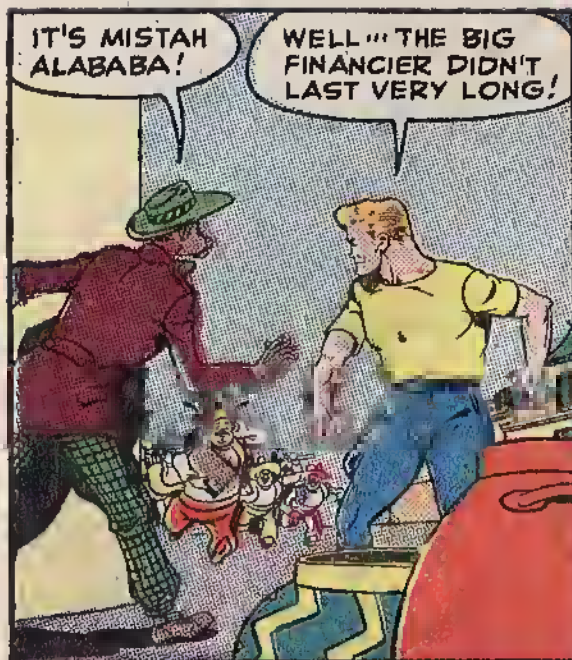


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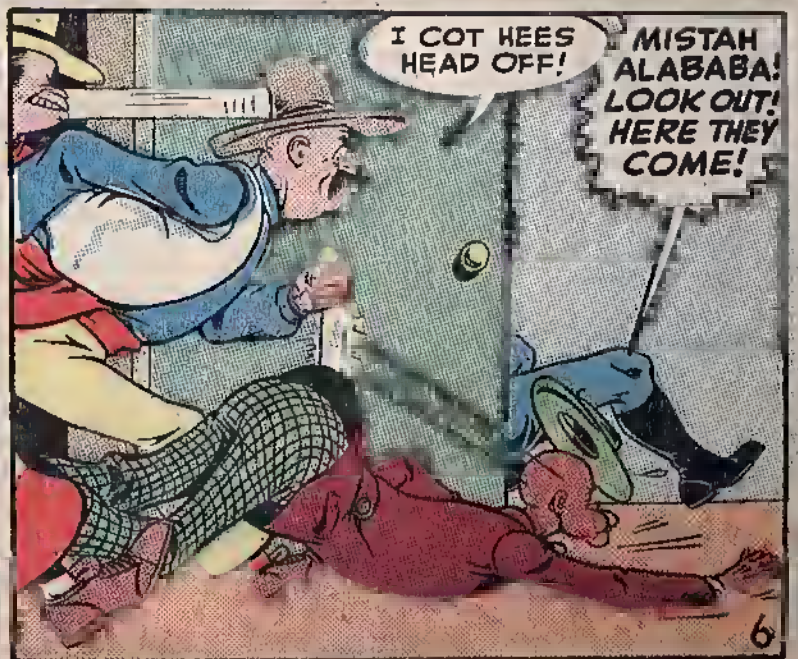
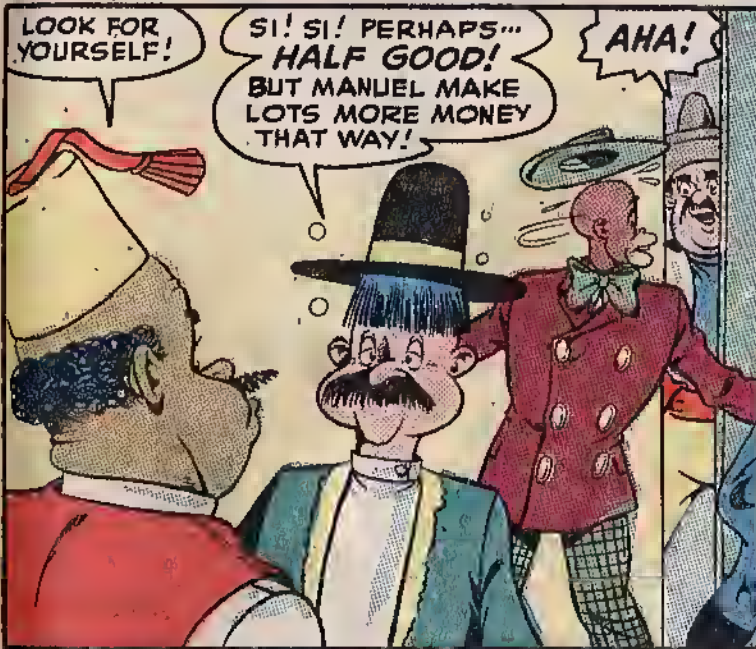
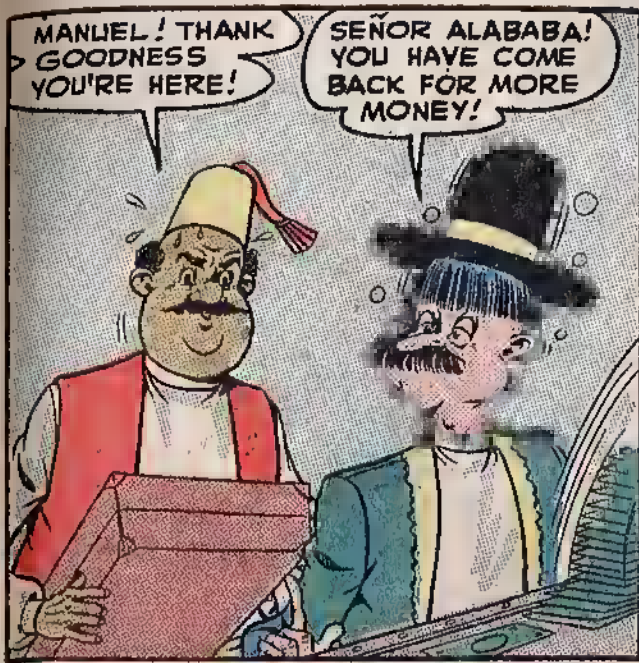


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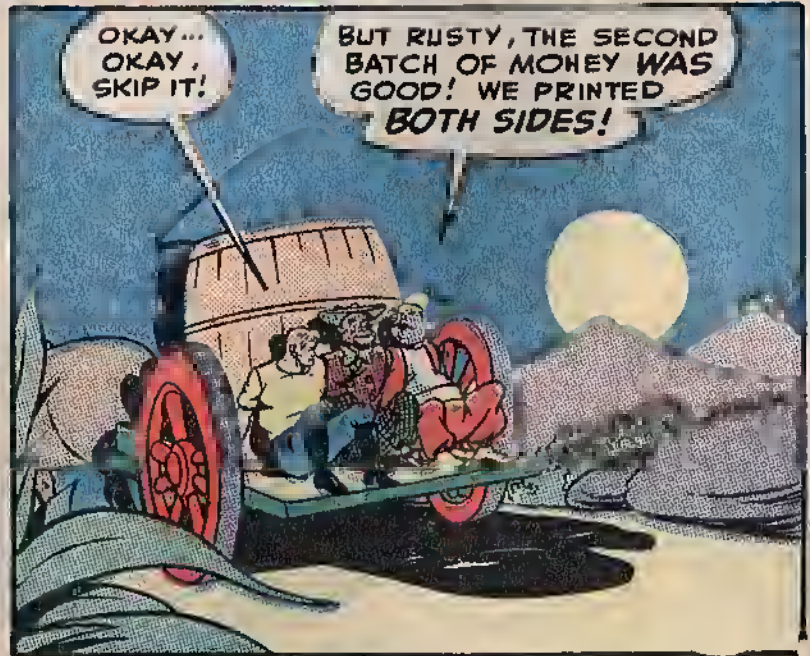
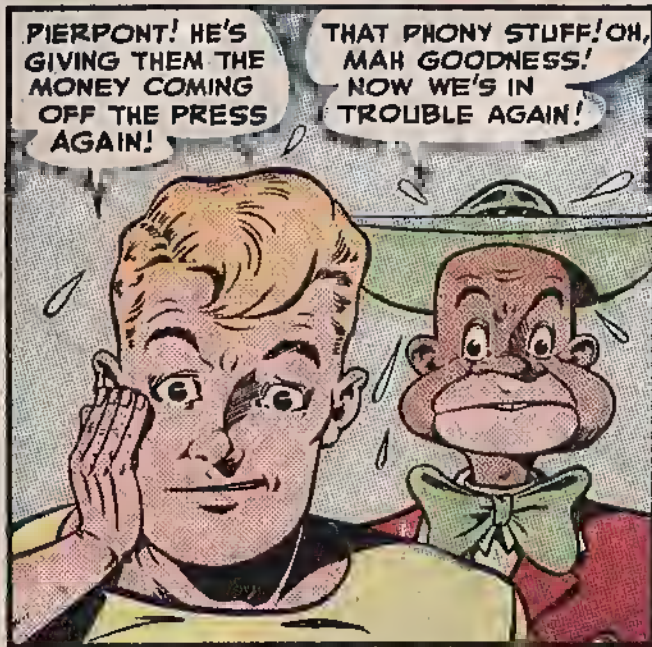
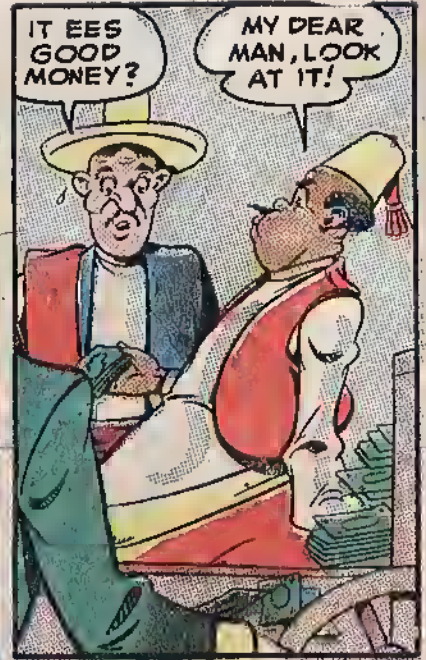


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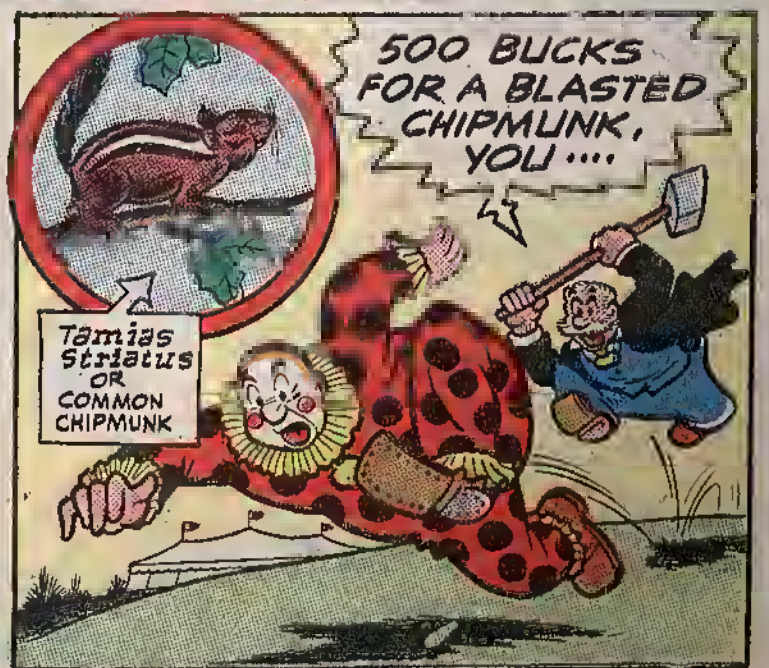
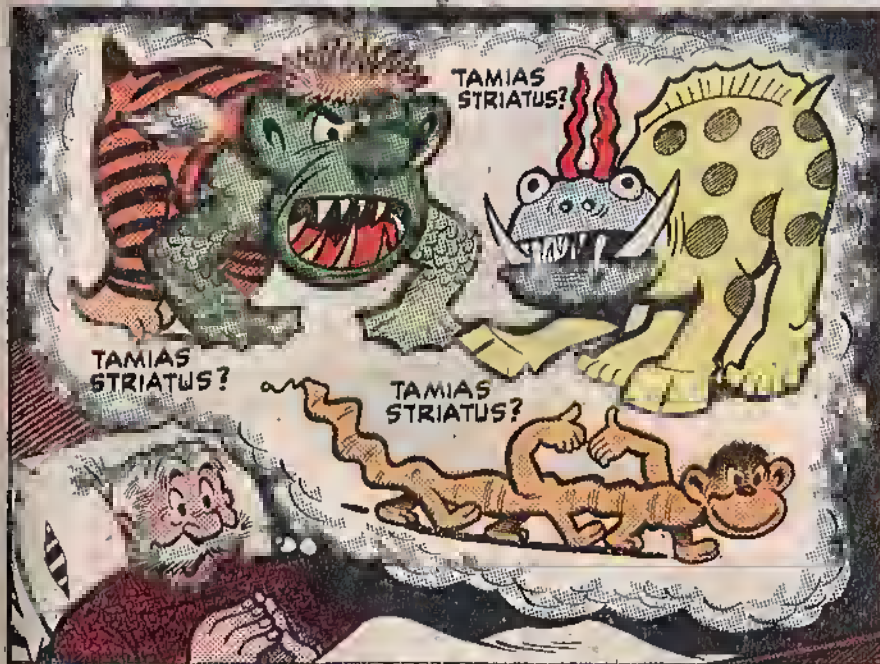
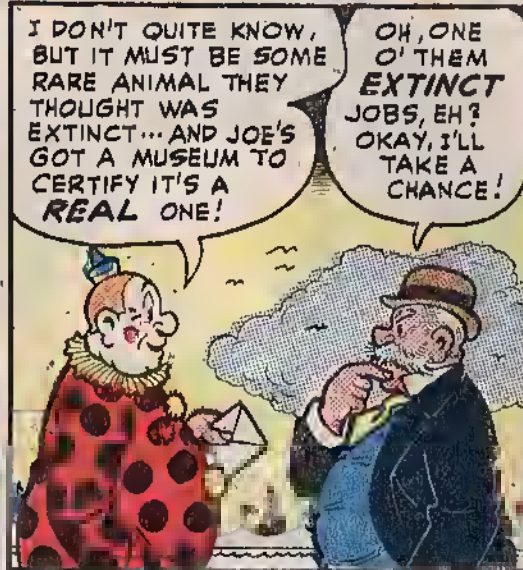
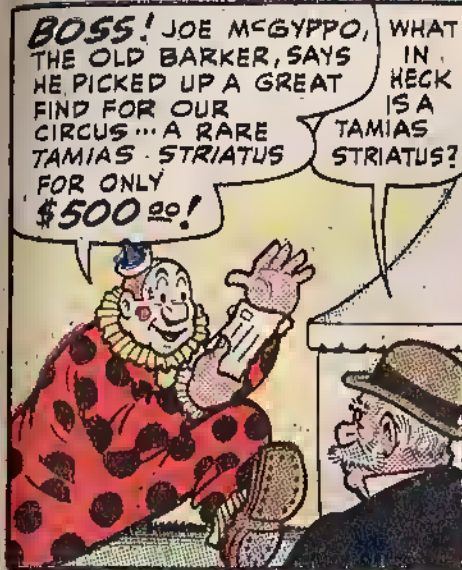


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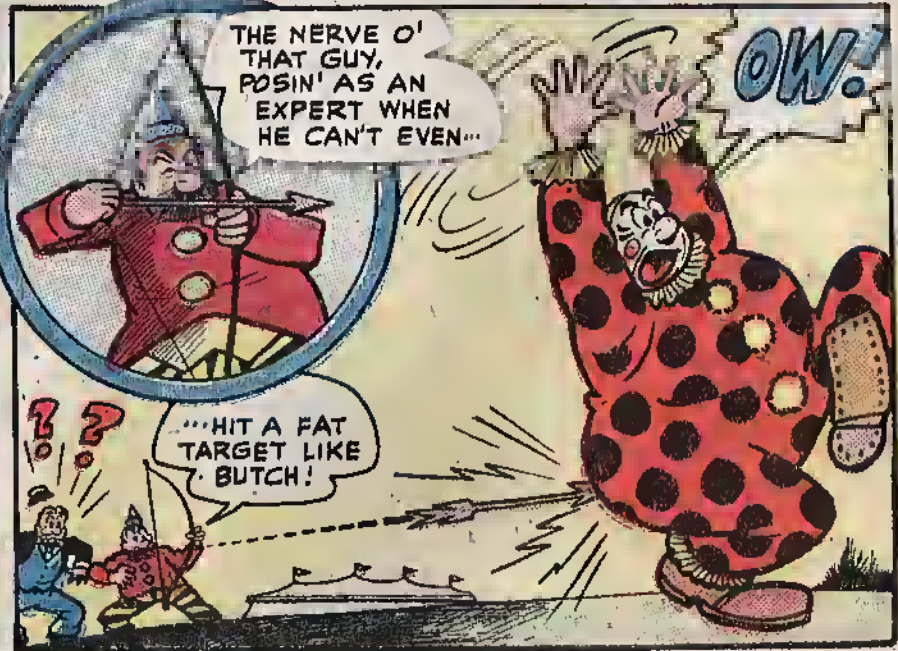
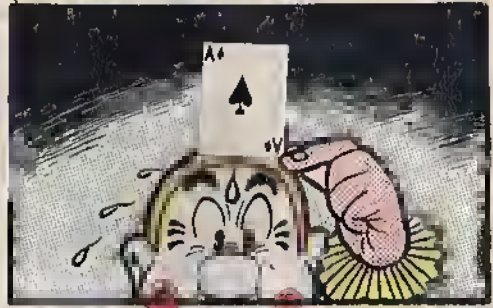
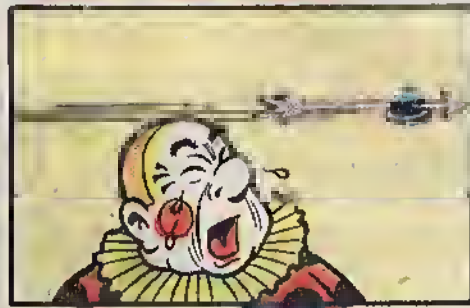
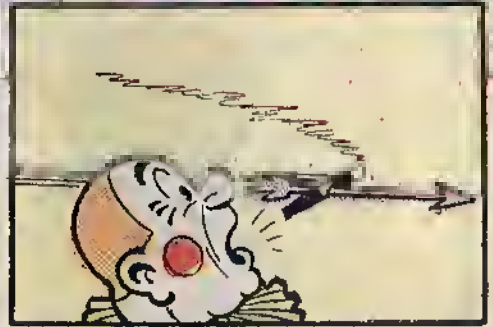
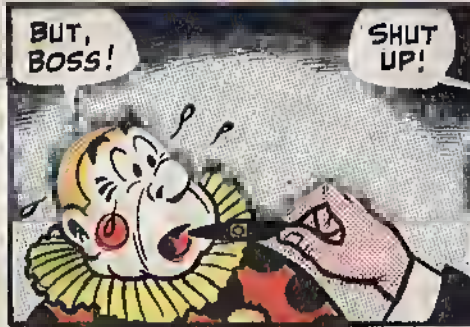
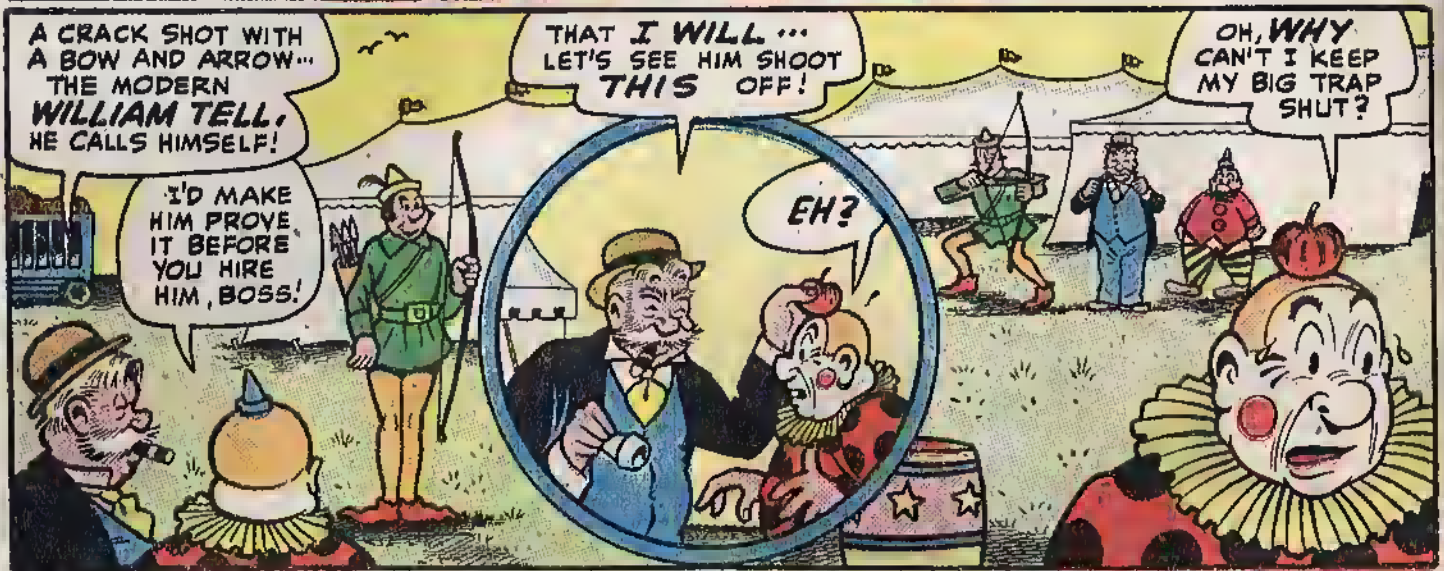


# BIG TOP





# BIG TOP



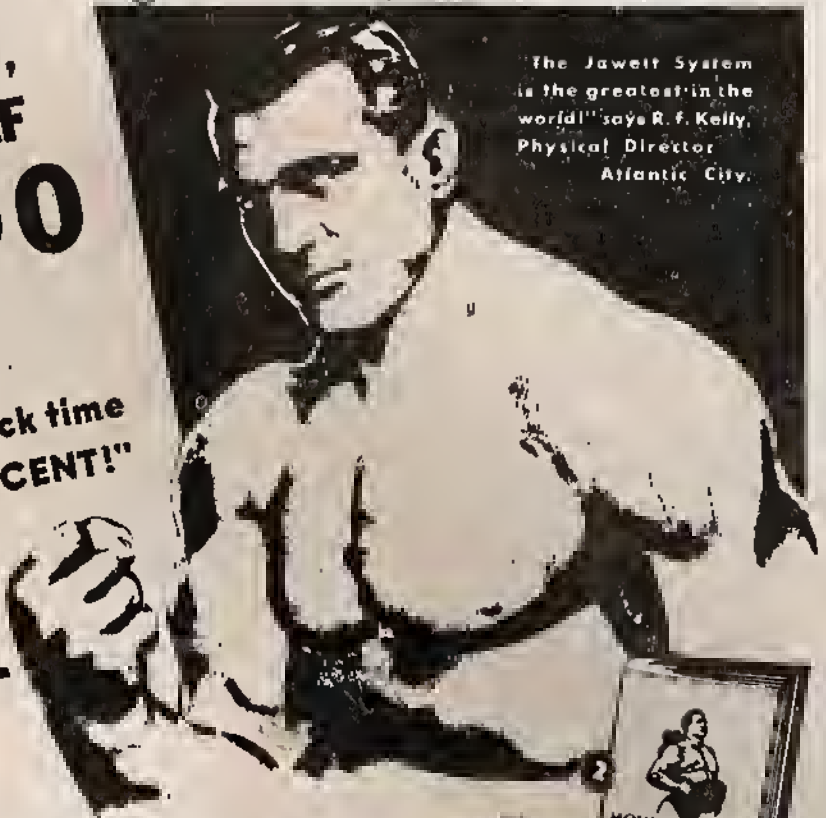


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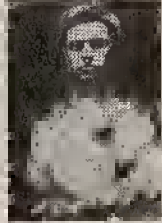
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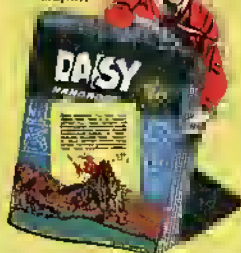
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Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

### ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small "cracks" at right angles.

### DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

### CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal light. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run . . . walk!

### AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

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